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Walt Whitman

WALT WHITMAN is to have a fitting memorial but he is not yet to go into the Hall of Fame. For that he must wait until the hot blood of his poetry has been cooled by time to a decorous temperature. (Indeed the most distinguished literary club in America has not yet put "Leaves of Grass' in its otherwise distinguished library). And perhaps by then some literary reputations that will have cooled too far will be cast out to make room for him.

Walt Whitman deserves a monument in which his speaking likeness will live again, for the man was capacious even without his books. Not great as he ever supposed himself to be, not great as the prototype of a new race of Western men in which democracy should release energy, love, and exaltation until the people should taste every experience, touch every hope, with no inhibitions and complete self-expansion—a race of personalities, nobly bodied, richly souled. No, Walt Whitman was the last of his race, not the first. After him came the love of the body that he sought, women—

"tann'd in the face by shining suns and blowing winds,
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength,
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run,
strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend themselves,
They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm, clear,
well-possess'd of themselves,

and city men as vigorous as the country boys in the armies he saw marching southward in the 'sixties. But after him, too, came the contraction of American life, the standardization of the American type, the spread of the cheap magazine, the triumph of the bourgeois spirit, until ninety percent of white Americans were as indistinguishable in manners, dress, ideas, and ambitions as the helots of Sparta or the Russian Jews. The exuberant personality which he thought was to be set free in the West was crushed by numbers; the open road was overrun by automobiles ;there was no time to loaf; how could you love your democratic brother when after the 'seventies he was likely to speak only Italian or Yiddish! Eccentrics who preferred cultivating their fellow man to keeping office hours were obstacles to efficient business. In fact, most that Whitman prophesied, and pretty much all that he stood for, has failed to come to pass.

All the more does he deserve this monument. Like Lincoln, he showed what democracy could do, and therefore can do again. The thousands who have quoted his poetry, the hundreds of thousands who have read some part of it, are not always, or often, moved by its literary qualities. Walt's great lines surge up from tiresome repetition, his finest poems are marred somewhere by the sudden banality of a man of little taste, his free rhythms are often lazy and unruly servants. It takes a lover of poetry to admire his greatness; the literary critic who understands sense and skill, but is deaf to poetry, finds every good reason to attack his crudity. The everyday reader is constantly puzzled by turgid mysticism and offended by coarseness. Yet every sensitive spirit responds somewhere to that personality of Whitman which he endeavored to describe in everything he wrote. Fulness of living, grasping of opportunity, sympathy with man as man, the response to the booming chords of a continent open to all, the dynamic lift of energy in the breast of the man who says "I can do that. I can be that," were caught at the very moment of hope by Walt Whitman. And what he was, what might have been, may be again.

Emerson, the fount of that optimistic idealism which believed that a new type of man would be made in America, had two great disciples in Thoreau and Whitman. Thoreau became Emerson's man and sought his soul in the wilderness; Whitman became Emerson's man (as far as he could be anyone's) and tried to inaugurate a universal brotherhood. Thoreau's monument is Walden Pond; but Whitman's must preserve the ample form, the warm eye, the paternal beard, the very person of the prophet himself. For he was what he preached.

Alien

By POWER DALTON

YOU may see my body moving through our street,
Going to our doorway and passing in,
Swaying and pausing in the rhythm known as walking,
Moving through the song in which worlds spin;

A sound will lift from my lips, a winged tone,
A note of speech, the boundless melody!
I shall move familiarly to lamp and fire
And book—while you may gaze on reading me . . .

You may say, This is where she lives! Now we have her!
But I shall be gone. You will indeed be wrong:
I shall have slipped swiftly out by the light road—
Unlike the road for returning which is long,

Beset by bramble tongues, and fetid marshland,
Impermanent—for only change endures!
If I am slow to answer know I am alien,
As strange at my hearth, as you, perhaps, at yours.

This Week

"Dark Tower." Reviewed by *Amy Loveman.*
"Excavations." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*
"Bruce Rogers, Designer of Books." Reviewed by *Porter Garnett.*
"The Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan." Reviewed by *William Allen White.*
"Calvin Coolidge." Reviewed by *Royal J. Davis.*
"The Ways of Knowing." Reviewed by *Ralph M. Eaton.*
"The New Age of Faith." Reviewed by *Ralph Demos.*
"This Is the Life!" Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*
The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"No More Parades." Reviewed by *Mary Colum.*
"American Indian Love Lyrics." Reviewed by *John G. Neihardt.*
"The Theory of History." Reviewed by *James Truslow Adams.*

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The Thing Called Poetry

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ONE doesn't know where to begin. They come to you and say (though they may not say it in these words) "You have inflicted a good deal of the thing *you* call poetry upon the suffering public in your time; you have read a great deal of poetry; you number in your acquaintance a great many modern American poets. Please write us an essay upon the thing called poetry." One doesn't know where to begin.

I have even had the temerity to talk upon poetry, in public, on a platform. I have given a cramped and congested résumé of the American poetry of the past that I consider "important" and of the American poetry of the present that I consider "important." I have said the names of poets and quoted verses and lines. But when any of us approach a definition of the thing called poetry we necessarily stammer, we begin to say, "Well, it is like this" or "Well, it is like that," "Well, it — there is a lot of it in the Bible," "Well, it doesn't matter whether it is written in free verse or whether it is rhymed," "Well, Keats was poetry," or "Well, Shelley was poetry."

Carl Sandburg a few years ago gave us a new set of highly imaginative definitions of what poetry was. George Moore more recently published an anthology in which he claimed to have found out exactly what poetry was. He called his anthology "Pure Poetry." Today every poet worth his salt—as it was with our elders, and with the ancients before those elders—has a perfectly clear, *instinctive* idea of the particular kind of poetry he wants to try to write. He or she has specific ideas about form, about technique. But more than this each particular poet is stirred by certain particular things, not by other things. There are certain sights, sounds, ideas, words, circumstances that particularly quicken the pulse and particularly excite the mind. And in respect to these beneficent irritants to the intelligence and to the senses, no two poets are quite alike.

It is necessary to look beneath the mode and manners of the period, beneath the faddishness of any period, beneath the convention in art of any period, to come upon the thing called poetry. And it is obvious that we find then a quicksilver element that is essential to every art. We find the essential "dæmon, beauty to adore and dream on." For, as one modern poet has stated it,

Our joys are not of heaven or earth, but man's,
A woman's beauty, or a child's delight,
The trembling blood when the discoverer scans
The sought-for world, the guessed-at satellite;
The ringing scene, the stone at point to blush
For unborn men to look at and say "Hush."

That which we find is a quickening of our potentiality for enjoyment. Most people seek for enjoyment entirely in the five senses. What we seek for in art is an enjoyment that includes and, at the same time, transcends the enjoyment felt in the full exercise of our senses. We seek an ineffable thing. My own belief is that when that ineffable element is added to our enjoyment, the picture, the music, the combination of printed words through, and by means of which, it is added, can then be called great. Great in some sense. Great in that sense—that we do more then than, as a poet has put it, kneel at the altar of the Naked Fact. For then the nakedness of fact is clothed in something ineffable. Who shall say why, or by what sorcery.

Our senses alone may seem to give us this. In young love, in first romance—in experiences that sometimes in after-bitterness we look back to as arrant folly—the world changes, the dull prospect is irradiated with light. But that too is poetry. For

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poetry, in any art, is merely the translation of those phases of experience, of those moments of mental or physical exhilaration, when a spirit distinctly seems to move through matter.

To the potential poet—that is, to anyone sensitive to experience—to anyone with the curse in his or her blood that intensifies experience and makes moments beautiful or terrible beyond the comprehension of the cool outside observer—to any of these (and there are many and many) there are a thousand pictures behind the retina that will never be painted, there are a thousand plastic shapes of beauty that haunt dream and waking, there is music that will never be scored and many poems every day that will never be written. For the wind of the spirit (or whatever you may call it, if not spirit) bloweth where it listeth, the apocalyptic thing lurks constantly in the commonplace.

At which point you are going to hiss the word "mystic." But anyone who deals at all with the thing called poetry is necessarily and inexorably a mystic in that sense. The present-day poets who would most abjure and deny the word "mystic" are mystics in that sense. Critics with scalpel intellect are mystics in that sense when confronted by the art that moves them.

* * *

The art that moves us. That is the point of contention about all art, and will always be. It is the point in all the contention concerning poetry in the present day. One man's art does not move another man. New minds, new emotional constitutions constantly come forward to have their say about the art of the past and to try to reshape the art of the present. And let us thank God that we are still as much alive to art as all that, as much quickened by the thing called poetry, that we will wrangle and revolt and assert our theories about it, and raise it from the dead if we believe it to be dead—that we believe in the resurrection and the life of poetry.

Perhaps the dæmon that is poetry most keenly exists, for the average person, in moods never expressed in any of the arts, in moments of keen experience remembered in each individual life. It may exist keenly for years in the memory of a certain running through the night, in the memory of an Autumn moon,—of any one of the fundamental experiences common to everyone, and in certain circumstances surrounding any one of those experiences—in the memory of love and birth and death, certain particular memories—of certain words, of a certain look, of the small incident, of the apparently trifling thing.

This is poetry, that Stephen Crane remembered, in "The Price of the Harness":

"It aint very damp, Jimmie," said Grierson.

"Well, it is damp," said Nolan, with sudden irritability. "I can feel it. I'm wet, I tell you—wet through—just from lying here."

They answered hastily. "Yes, that's so, Jimmie. It *is* damp. That's so."

"Just put your hand under my back and see how wet the ground is," he said.

"No," they answered. "That's all right, Jimmie. We know it's wet."

"Well, put your hand under and see," he cried stubbornly.

"Oh, never mind, Jimmie."

"No," he said, in a temper. "See for yourself."

Grierson seemed to be afraid of Nolan's agitation, and so he slipped a hand under the prostrate man, and presently withdrew it covered with blood. "Yes," he said, hiding his hand carefully from Nolan's eyes, "you were right, Jimmie."

"Of course I was," said Nolan, contentedly closing his eyes. "This hillside holds water like a swamp." After a moment he said, "Guess I ought to know. I'm flat here on it, and you fellers are standing up."

He did not know he was dying. He thought he was holding an argument on the condition of the turf.

But that, you will say, is simply the reporting by an artist of an affecting incident. And, you may possibly say, that does not affect *me* so much, after all. Plenty of men die constantly, in even more moving ways. But to me, the writer of this, the point about that passage from Crane is that it happens to move me very much indeed. It rises, if only by reticence, to the pitch where I call it poetry. Poetry is then, to me, a matter of pitch and intensity. Yes, it most assuredly is. Of intensity.

I have been talking of The Thing called Poetry. For I want to make perfectly clear that I have come to the belief that the thing called poetry has nothing whatever to do with the construction of what we call verse as opposed to prose. Perhaps I have labored an obvious matter. But I find many intelligent people still under what I consider the delusion that poetry is this or is that manner of writing. Th you say Tennyson, for an instance, and you s Poetry. That today you say E. E. Cummings, for another instance, and that then you say Poetry—and, one is led to infer, that poetry has seldom been written prior to the work of this and a few other modern exemplars.

It is possible, of course, to turn to the late Lord Tennyson, put your finger on a passage and say this is poetry—and then to turn to the work of Mr. Cummings, single out other passages and say, this too is poetry. The particular passages you submit (whether from Lord Alfred or Wordsworth or Shelley or Browning or Swinburne or Mr. De la Mare or Mr. Masefield or Mr. T. S. Eliot or Mr. Cummings or anyone you choose, the particular passages you submit, hopefully, to any other poet for agreement, will probably be rejected by the other poet—who will then explain to you carefully and perhaps unkindly just what poetry really is. But if you have chosen them according to pitch and intensity as these operate upon your particular type of mind and your own particular emotional constitution, they remain poetry. They constrict the dæmon—at least, for you.

I find barren all this coil about technique, I read and criticize poetry within my own limitations, according to my own intellectual predilections, according to my own emotional nature. Where there are perfectly definite matters to be decided, as to whether, for instance, a *ballade* written conforms to a prescribed and fixed pattern, and is technically a true *ballade*—as to whether a sonnet is Shakespearian or Petrarchan, as to whether I prefer a ballad measure for certain material to blank verse—in these and many like matters I have a definite opinion. In the matter of preference I have definite preferences. They are my own. They are as definite as my idea of whom I would call a beautiful woman or of whom I would call a pretty woman. I know that they are merely my opinions, important to me. Unfortunately, one has to have opinions. But when you speak of poetry, I find it here, there, and everywhere. I find it in many places where I know others cannot possibly be expected to perceive it. And others, doubtless, find it in places where I could not recognize it with the strongest visual aids in the world.

Ask me if I like the work of So-and-So better than the work of So-and-So and I can tell you either at once or after a brief meditation. Ask me *what* I like in the work of Such Another and I can tell you offhand. But ask me if I don't think Tennyson wrote rubbish, or if I don't think that the elimination of capitals at the beginning of lines of poetry is a great step forward in the poetic art, and I will leave you with huddled unintelligible phrase. You are involved in catchwords and modes and manners. You are pecking at the surface of what you call art. You never deeply thought or clearly willed. For you all the mortal power of Coleridge was withered at its marvelous source, yet you would dismiss

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark

as "Oh that old narrative thing!"; for you was written, "somewhere a silver fountain steals the world," but you are chiefly excited because Mr. Cummings has dispensed with capital letters and prints his verse in fantastic patterns. Why, *of* you, perhaps, was written by Cicero, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*.

* * *

It is interesting to discuss the structure of a Greek play, to speak of prologue, parodos, episode, and stasimon,—to consider the elements of construction, the characteristics of form. But is that to know, in mind and heart, the frenzy of Æschylus? If one is writing poetry or reading, *truly* reading poetry, it is with more than "interest." Like the son of Apollo and Evadne, the poet has been fed upon golden provand by brindled serpents. Who writes poetry, strangely, insidiously imbibes honey from the poisoned lips of life. Here is marvel! Or who reads may listen as the lost in hell listened to that linnet singing from the blackened bough, until

At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And someone there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

A fashionable interest in poetry? Tush! An academic interest in poetry? Zounds! Insofar ome intimation of the indwelling dæmon of ry has been vouchsafed you, scorn not then even it might, without such benefit of dæmonology, ear to you the "stilted language" of old Michael ayton's twentieth song from Polyolbion,—for rather than collate and distinguish and inveigh and disparage in the musty study, a-hawking we will go:

The trembling fowl that hear the jigging hawk-bells ring,
And find it is too late to trust them to their wing,
Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted hawks,
Then being lords alone in their ethereal walks,
Aloft so bravely stir their bells so thick that shake,
Which when the falconer sees, that scarce one plane they make,
"The gallant'st birds," saith he, "that ever flew on wing,"
And swears there is a flight, were worthy of a king.

If that flight you deem not worthy of a king, do not at least waste your time in research upon it. If "the high-mounted hawks then being lords alone in their ethereal walks" do not impress your mind indelibly or quicken your blood, remember, at least, that, as Sidney knew, "Invention, Nature's child," flees "step-dame Study's blows," and that the "study" of poetry is, in good sooth, but the step-dame of poetry.

Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my trewand pen, beating myself for spite,
"Fool!" said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write!"

At which point, hats and coats are hastily donned, and the susurrus of feet diminishes down the hall, to the murmur of "Oh, my God,—Astrophel and Stella. A complete collapse of his argument!"

* * *

But I have not been arguing. I have been rhapsodizing on the thing called poetry, attempting, with here an example and there an example and playing no favorites, to trace the spirit of poetry moving through various matter. And if my discourse has landed me at last at the end of the sixteenth century with a somewhat stereotyped quotation, so be it. What of it? These men were moved if they can move us still. Intense emotion raised their natures to the pitch to write. Every poet can appreciate what Sidney spoke of as "biting my trewand pen, beating myself for spite." I will even dare to say that the intensity with which one writes what has been called "serious verse" is keyed higher than the intensity with which one writes even the finest prose. And if the intensity of the nature that produces the serious verse is great enough, the production is great poetry. Others fail in degree.

But a great many people could sit down, in the past, and make things rhyme; and a great many people can sit down today and painstakingly see that nothing rhymes. And a great deal of this stuff was and is called poetry. And all of this, of course, has very little to do with poetry.

As for the past. Our natures may be akin to the natures of certain poets who wrote greatly in the past, not akin to the natures of others who wrote certainly as intensely, if not as greatly, to us. There our predilections enter. There our prejudices. Yet we can, perhaps, still appreciate the great variety of matter and manner through which and by means of which the thing that is poetry has flickered like quicksilver all down the ages.

That, surely, is the important thing! It is important that so many of mankind, and in such various ways, have been seized and used by something that has so enlarged their capacity for enjoyment, using and yet transcending the capacity for enjoyment resident in the five senses. It is important that man is an artist. It is important that he is quickened to express infinitely elusive moments, moods, "blank misgivings of a Creature moving about in worlds not realized." Modes and manners, fads and fashions as to the clothing of his thought, of his instinct, of his piercing sight and second-sight, of what we call his "inspiration,"—these change, these are of interest, these beget critics. But it is more to us that still we track the phœnix flown, that still we wait for the spark from Heaven to fall.

In the practice of poetry as in the practice of every art, there is the thorough learning of the craft, there is a necessary knowledge of technique, there is a great deal to be assimilated before the poet can realize all the resources of his art. But all this is assimilated semi-consciously, unacademically, under a driving impulse almost impossible to define. Fools interpret "Look in thy heart and write" as an invitation to set down anything that comes into their heads, in any manner,—but only fools! At the same time the artist is often but dimly conscious of the way in which he is obtaining an effect,—and it may possibly be a supreme effect. In fact, when the artist grows what we call "self-conscious" as to the use of his medium, he deteriorates as an artist. He has risen from the depth to the surface, he has lost intensity, he may be a virtuoso, a person skilled in the mechanical part of a fine art, but the dæmon has forsaken him.

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And so we make an end. Sometimes I see me, wandering among the volumes of volumes of poetry which, in English heritage, that if we could truly grasp and minds and hearts all the multifold impl revelations, intimations that the demiurge scattered lavishly through the world by one art alone, we could create something completely satisfying to the spirit of man than any of our religions of the world. For here bewildering proof of the spirit *in* man, glimpses of potencies hardly guessed. In these volumes alone volumes of "poetry"! And there is so much latent poetry in experience,—revived anew, fugitive anew with the tangle of visual, aural, mental impressions of every evanescent day!

A New Pelleas and Melisande

DARK TOWER. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. BRETT YOUNG'S excellencies are not of the sort to startle attention so much as to persuade it. His art is a finely tempered one, delicate, restrained in the expression of emotion, shot through with appreciation of beauty and pathos. His undoubted gift for narration, coupled with a style supple and frequently poetic, supplements a passionate preoccupation with the subtleties of human nature and an ever-present sense of some prepotence of nature which holds the individual in leash to his environment. The strength of his art lies not in what it says but in what it conveys, in pregnant suggestiveness that counterbalances the restraint, almost aloofness, of its emotion. Passion plays under the surface of his tales, only flaming up at brief moments to enkindle them, yet lending them sombreness by its brooding intensity. "Dark Tower," now first issued in America though published in England in 1914, is grim with a dour quality born alike of the savage background of drenched countryside in which it opens and the starkness of the emotion which dominates it.

* * *

Mr. Brett Young is admirably master of his medium. He has the threads of his story completely in hand and the tale marches from beginning to conclusion, or rather from conclusion to conclusion, for as in "Woodsmoke" he forecasts the end at the beginning, with fine cumulation of incident. And yet the incident is hardly more than psychological episode. Alaric Grosmont, dreamer, fanatic, misfit in society, returns to the home he has left in disgust because ill-success in the world had left him no resort but to come back to it, falls in love with the untrained, unsophisticated wife of his roistering brother, fights against his passion, yields to it, renounces it, and expiates what he considers his sin in the same house but in spiritual isolation from his widowed sister-in-law. That is the story, a story compounded of familiar elements yet unfamiliar in the personalities that play out its drama.

The story lives in its personalities, in poor, untutored Judith, bewildered by marriage with a weakling and drunkard, puzzled by the inexplicable emotion of her brother-in-law, unawake to passion even when she responds to it; in her husband, victim of his own weak nature and ill-founded tradition; in Dr. Meredith, in the tragic, pathetic and often unlovely figure of Alaric. Mr. Brett Young works out his catastrophe through the medium of their various emotions, adding a stroke to one picture here, another to a second there, leading along from small incident to small incident until he has involved his characters in a situation that is doomed to disaster. It is done with skill and artistry, and with a fine balance. We have only one strong exception to take to Mr. Brett Young's tale, and that is that though he ends it with the stern repression that is its fitting climax, he throws a sop to the romantic by offering a hint of happier possibilities for his hero and heroine than the dictates of his art should allow.

According to *The Westminster Gazette* the Earl of Oxford and Asquith (former Premier Herbert H. Asquith) has virtually completed a history of the House of Commons for the past fifty years. He has been engaged for eighteen months on this work, which is not merely a record, but an important commentary on political history and public affairs.

Peter Whiffle Icognito

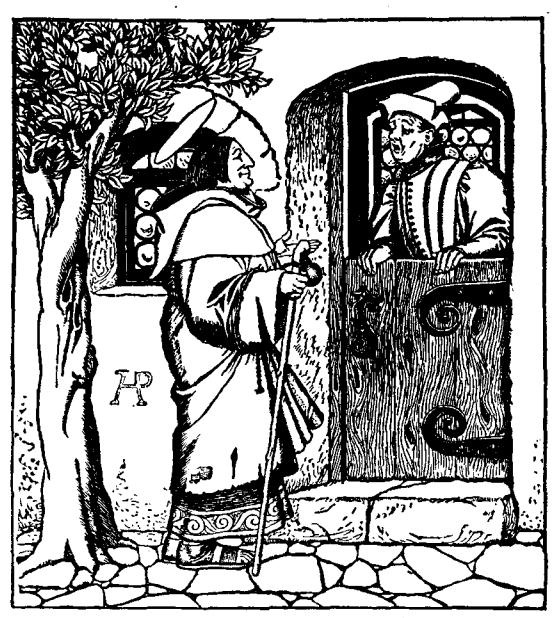
EXCAVATIONS. By CARL VAN VECHTEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVIDSON

MR. VAN VECHTEN has chosen to excavate in some very sandy soil. Most of his pits are shallow and the winds of a season will easily level out the earth he has disturbed. His avowed purpose—to provoke the reader of his essays to share his enthusiasm for certain obscure figures in the worlds of literature and music—would be excellent but for the fact that so many of his enthusiasms are not worth communicating. His literary judgment, in general, is ill-considered and immature. His manner is at once knowing and mellow but it cannot disguise the superficiality of his literary tastes nor their exceptionally restricted character. He has no real sense of literary values and almost less of what may be called "life-values." In discussing that no longer obscure author, Arthur Machen, Mr. Van Vechten says, for instance, "he is one of the most skilful living writers of English prose." The fact that he quotes only two brief passages in support of this wild and overwhelming statement is in itself suspicious. At his best Machen has achieved no prose tone stronger than is to be heard in this, from "Far Off Things"—

> Now winter has its splendours: but with what joy do we welcome the yearly miracle of Spring. We and the whole earth exult together as though we had been delivered from prison, the hedgerows and the fields are glad, and the woods are filled with singing; and men's hearts are filled with an ineffable rapture.

That ineffable rapture is not communicated. The prose is essentially commonplace. It belongs to the best kind of journalism and is not the work of a man who, first and foremost, is expressing the pure content of his mind with all that mind's emotional and intellectual power through the power of language. The prose is ungoverned, has neither undertones nor overtones to make it individual. Mr. Van Vechten's own quotations fail to stand out (as would happen with good prose) from the surrounding text. The reader is not arrested by the change. Elsewhere the transition from Van Vechten to Herman Melville is immediately noticeable. Concerning Machen the essayist completely fails to establish his claim. The fact is that Mr. Van Vechten has been sentimentally deluded by his author's pitiful story of literary failure, and, again, by his own characteristic weakness for the kind of cruelties and malpractices hinted at in "The Great God Pan" and other of Machen's books.



From THE WONDER CLOCK *Harper's Round Table*, 1886

Illustration by Howard Pyle for *Harper's Round Table*, 1886. From "Howard Pyle: A Chronicle," by Charles D. Abbot (Harpers).

In most of the other essays we may observe this same tendency to lay the stress on aspects not primarily literary in the books discussed. Mr. Van Vechten's enthusiasms are not those of a critic and man of letters at ease among his books so much as they are the enthusiasms of a rather neurotic mind searching for the exotic and the bizarre. The paper on Edgar Saltus, for instance, might well have laid more stress on that author's wit and skill an on his abnormal and pornographic leanings. Van Vechten, here and elsewhere, pauses a litt often to lick his lips over such amiable then cicisbeism and incest. The spectacle is more than disgusting. And nothing is proved in R Firbank's cause by his admirer's cheap sneer—"These novels are not suitable for public libraries and Brander Matthews and William Lyon Phelps will never review them." Mr. Van Vechten has yet to learn how to be effectively supercilious. When he can do the thing as well as it has been done by some of his literary heroes, Oscar Wilde, Ronald Firbank, *et al.*, literature will know how to welcome him. At present his pretentiousness is altogether out of proportion to his achievements as a man of letters. In the meantime, praise is due for the essays on Dedications, and an ingenious discussion of the later works of Herman Melville. He cannot patronize Ouida in any way that carries conviction to the reader. Mr. Van Vechten's ingenuity is rather destroyed by his lack of ideas. There is too much allusion and too little real thought in his book. Under the mask of the essayist-critic (for we are not to be fobbed off by his statement that these are not essays in criticism) appears the mere dilettante. The crying need in modern America is for a reasoned and sober, if not authoritative criticism of the arts, particularly of literature. Mr. Van Vechten has his opportunity, but there is little in this new book to suggest that he will profit by it.

"B. R."

BRUCE ROGERS, DESIGNER OF BOOKS. By FREDERIC WARDE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by PORTER GARNETT

Carnegie Institute of Technology

FOR what I am about to say of Mr. Bruce Rogers I wish humbly to beg his pardon. It is really a most unfortunate business. He has been found out. Mr. Frederic Warde has written a book about him in which he says: "Nearly a decade has passed since Mr. Bruce Rogers last visited England, his position among the foremost living typographers already established within the circles of those who talk about printing. In the intervening years the coming of peace has widened this circle with extraordinary rapidity . . . general interest [in the study and collection of fine typography] was never more lively, students never more admirably intent upon present day work. . . What fame he had before the war has increased with the number of the instructed."

It is a little difficult for one whose interest in typography has made him familiar with Mr. Rogers's work almost from the beginning to realize that this now so well known printer has really been "well known" for a comparatively short time. But it has recently come to pass that instead of a fame limited (and enviable) because restricted to the circle of which Mr. Warde speaks, he is today—to his great discomfort, I fear—hailed far and wide, an unwilling victim of the panegyrist, the quarry of the journalist and the book-reviewer, and, it may well be suspected, of the clubwoman. It is, as I have said, a most unfortunate business. I should like to leave him unmolested in the quiet pursuit of his calling, but if books are written they must be reviewed, and if a printer persists in performing brilliant achievements, he cannot expect to escape the limelight forever, no matter how sincerely and how rightly he may detest it. No one who is even slightly acquainted with Mr. Rogers but knows that the seeking of publicity is utterly foreign to his nature. Like the craftsman that he is—the pure artist, I might say—he is concerned with doing the thing to which he puts his hand, and unconcerned with either the applause or censure it may bring. This being true, it is peculiarly painful to force down his throat, as it were, an unpalatable dose of praise such as might warm the cockles of a common careerist. With profound apologies, therefore, to Mr. Rogers, I shall proceed.

In the first place, although he does not belong to the Younger Generation, I strongly suspect him of being a genius. As if that were not praise enough, I wish to state it as my opinion that he is, without doubt, Indiana's most distinguished son. By the admirers of Lew Wallace, Edward Eggleston, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, George Ade, *acervatim*, such a statement will doubtless be violently combatted, but while the proud roster of Eminent Hoosiers is a matter we are never permitted to forget, is there one among them who can be rated, as by many Mr. Rogers is rated, not merely as eminent in his calling but as preëminent?

Some of these days when, like Mainz and Strasburg vying for the honor of having harbored the

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genius of Gutenberg, Indianapolis has erected in the shadow of its noteworthy Soldiers Monument a statue to "B. R.;" when Lafayette has made a shrine of his birthplace; when there is a Bruce Rogers Room in the Metropolitan Museum, and when the Morgans and Huntingtons (and the Rosenbach) of that future day are paying fancy and fancier prices for single leaves from the books he has printed—someone will doubtless do for Bruce Rogers what Sardini did for Jenson, Renouard for Aldus, Bernard for Tory, or Madan for Daniel. In the meantime Mr. Frederic Warde's "Bruce Rogers, Designer of Books" performs admirably an important service in bringing within reach of the laiety this survey and record of the work of a great printer.

It is eminently fitting that such a book should have been published at this time. The interest in typography is at the moment, as Mr. Warde points out, extremely active, and everything that tends to focus and to increase that interest will help to maintain the improved standards of which we have so much reason to be pleasantly aware.

Let me therefore say at once to the layman that Mr. Warde's book possesses genuine interest for him. It is unnecessary to recommend it to the printer or to the amateur of books. To all such it is indispensable. The constantly increasing number of persons to whom well designed and well printed books give pleasure will find it at once rewarding and enjoyable. It is non-technical, richly informative, and it is written with address. It is also in itself an agreeable example of book-making.

* * *

The volume begins with a monograph in which Mr. Rogers's work is traced, with well-considered comments upon his style and his methods, from its beginning in the early nineties to the present day. This is followed by a descriptive list of two hundred books printed under Mr. Rogers's supervision, and a third section is devoted to representative examples of his work, including a number of his more than ingenious arrangements of type elements in decorative patterns. There is also a showing of the more noteworthy types he has employed, including, of course, his own beautiful faces, the Montaigne and Centaur.

One cannot fail to be impressed by Mr. Warde's discrimination in selecting books for special comment, and one takes from his monograph as a whole a sense that nothing of importance has been slighted. Thanks to his good judgment in this regard the commentary is compact with information, adequate, and eminently satisfactory. It will be gratifying to many of Mr. Rogers's admirers to find that jewel-like volume, Ernest Dowson's "Pierrot of the Minute," singled out for special praise. Mr. Rogers's work in typography has been marked by an altogether extraordinary eclecticism; with amazing skill he has reëxpressed one after another the typographic traditions of the past. Yet to none of these allusive masterpieces has he failed to bring the "continual slight novelty" which gives them the character of creative work rather than of *pastiches*. There is always a romantic strain in his classicism, for he is essentially a romanticist. The only one, I would say, among present day printers in America or England. How brilliantly, therefore (and is he not, also, the only "brilliant" printer of our time?), how brilliantly, abandoning tradition and precedent, has he adorned Dowson's delightful fantasy!

In this little volume his use of printer's flowers (used by typographers before him for three hundred years and being abused today as never before) shows not only grace, charm, delicacy, and restraint, but a true originality. With material that has been in the hands of printers for generations he has in this book brought to printing not merely the novel but the *new*. It is much to be regretted that a page from the "Pierrot" was not included among the examples reproduced.

It may perhaps ruffle some readers of a literary journal to have it suggested that the greatest æsthetic value in a work of literature may be its typographic presentation, and yet, for all the charm of "Pierrot" as a poem, for all the Republic of Cynara adicts, it is not improbable that Ernest Dowson's claim upon a remote posterity will be through the master-craftsmanship of Bruce Rogers of Indiana. In his hands the composing-stick is mightier than the pen.

Mr. Warde deals at some length with the notable series of books printed by Mr. Rogers for the Riverside Press, which, very properly, he alludes to as "his most imposing monument."

Memoirs of a Knight-Errant

THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. By HIMSELF and HIS WIFE. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 1925. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Editor, *Emporia Gazette*

MR. BRYAN'S book was bound to be either a disappointment or a surprise; a disappointment to those who expected it would be better than he could possibly have made it, or a surprise to those who knew him best. The book is not an autobiograpy; it is not even a successful set of memoirs. It is a series of defenses by Mr. Bryan for the positions he has taken. Appended to those defenses is an account of his early life which seems more or less of a defense against those who may have sometime or other charged him with being either high born or low born.

And all that he has written in the book seems to be a contention with his enemies, a refutation of implied charges. After his death, Mrs. Bryan continued the book and kept on inferentially and subconsciously refuting things. So that the whole book gives one a definite, unceasing impression that the Bryans must have felt some keen sense of opprobrium from certain quarters which inspired the book.

It is not a satisfactory biography of Bryan, yet it will furnish his biographers with much valuable material—chiefly illumination on the character of his mind. One has the impression from the first chapter to the last that the Bryans did not face reality. They are writing of things as they should have been, but never in the perspective of that reality which comes looking back over the years. Bryan could never "kid himself" as for instance Roosevelt and Lincoln were forever making themselves the butt of their own jokes. Bryan never saw himself in perspective except as a glittering hero, a sort of knight of democracy. And the book might well be titled "The Personal Memoirs of a Knight Errant." It is just that, glamorous, gaudy, and unreal.

But yet, through it all, the real Bryan stands unconsciously revealed, a kindly, courteous, impulsive gentleman with a noble soul, an expansive heart, and no mind in particular. There he is, on every page, from the time when he was a college orator until his career closes. The orator's talent is of course not a writer's talent. These written pages are not emotional, and unless he is oratorically emotional, Mr. Bryan is generally dull. And the book would be dull if it were not that the discerning reader is lured on page by page and chapter after chapter as he sees the real Bryan emerge like an insubstantial wraith out of his own unconscious picture of the hero. Bryan went around the world and wrote a book about it which any twelve year old might have duplicated. He saw nothing but Bryan because he took nothing but Bryan on his trip. This book, which tells of his journey across a lifetime in certain intermittent flashes at the high spots of his life, is like his book that told of the trip around the world. It might have been written by a twelve year old boy in defense of his father. A curiously unreal achievement in unconscious realty is this Bryan book. In it is the key that unlocks the man William Jennings Bryan and the woman whom he took for his wife. The two are unperishably photographed there; but the picture is only for discerning eyes.

Is Coolidge an Enigma?

CALVIN COOLIDGE: THE MAN WHO IS PRESIDENT. By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

EMPORIA'S political philosopher begins his the epigrammatic premise: "Calvin Coolidge is analysis of the man in the White House with an enigma, not an accident." He is certainly not an accident. A man who has been a candidate in twenty elections and has been successful in nineteen is the reverse of an accident—he is a habit. How can such a man be an enigma?

He isn't. Even William Allen White, who loves to see mysteries where the rest of us behold nothing more unusual than the light of common day, doesn't get to his thirtieth page before he commences to relate little incidents which knock the theory of a Coolidge riddle into a cocked hat.

The particular kind of puzzle which Mr. White sees in Coolidge is the puzzle of how he "became, by the precise working of the law of spiritual and political affinities, the man of the hour." To Mr. White in a characteristically mystical mood "the miracle of it is as inexplicable as gravitation." What impresses Mr. White is a mere coincidence— the coincidence of the similarity between the Coolidge temper and the temper of the time. But while coincidences may be startling, they are hardly to be termed miracles.

* * *

"The enigma of Coolidge," says Mr. White, apparently getting down to brass tacks, "is a crossword puzzle." One by one he supplies the words. They are Silence, Economy—of money words, and action —Caution, and Idealism. Mr. White makes out a much better case for the first two of these four key-words than for the last two. Caution he defines as "a congenital lack of initiative." This is on page 21. On pages 66 and 67 he shows how Coolidge, by insisting upon a third nomination for the Massachusetts senate in the face of a two-term tradition in a year in which the Speaker of the Senate had a hard fight for re-election, placed himself on the path to his first significant office. Here is the rest of the story as Mr. White tells it:

During election night the returns came in, indicating Coolidge's election and also the speaker's defeat. Coolidge took the eight o'clock train the next morning, said nothing to anyone, possibly not even to Mrs. Coolidge—though that is unthinkable —went down to Boston, laid his case before Murray Crane, the Republican state boss, had Crane's promise of support for the speakership of the state senate, and the two on the long-distance telephone tied up the speakership within two days.

No initiative? If it wasn't initiative that won the Speakership of the State senate for Coolidge, it was what politicians would call "something equally as good."

Just as Mr. White tries to deny to Coolidge the initiative he possesses, so he tries to give him the idealism he lacks. Occasionally the White common sense bursts through the White mysticism and we have a sentence or two more illuminating than pages of argument. As thus: "Coolidge was willing to help any man in any decent endeavor. He was laying up political capital—the miser!" To see "an instinctive passion for some kind of service" in Coolidge's methodical progress up the political ladder is to look through rose-colored glasses.

* * *

It is when Mr. White forgets his crossword puzzle that he comes closest to picturing the man he sets out to explain. "What is your hobby?" he quotes an unnamed Washington lady as asking Coolidge. "Holding office" was the dry answer. Insert the word "elective" and the phrase tells the whole story. Mr. White's crossword Coolidge would fit in an appointive position. The real Coolidge resigned from the only appointive office he ever held. He is that ideal of the politician—a vote-getter.

Mr. White's account of Coolidge loses nothing by being to some extent a reflection of himself. His humor and his gift for apt phrasing, now and then rising to epigram, make his pages sparkle like his own cheery countenance. "Moses," he remarks in one place, "was 'slow of speech and of a slow tongue.' Coolidge, looking down his nose, seems 'as meek as Moses.' He isn't. Neither was Moses."

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Harmonizing Theories

THE WAYS OF KNOWING, or THE METHODS OF PHILOSOPHY. By WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON
Harvard University

THE layman in philosophy easily loses himself in the mazes of conflicting doctrine and is left hopelessly torn between mysticism, scepticism, pragmatism, rationalism, realism, and a dozen others, unless he has the good fortune to stumble on a book such as Mr. Montague's "The Ways of Knowing," which marshalls all the schools into a well-ordered philosophical army. The dominating spirit of this book is tolerance and reconciliation. Mr. Montague finds a place for all the warring points of view he discusses; he deprecates only their excesses; and his own philosophy is a kind of eclectic common sense, standing out against a background of Platonism.

In opening "The Ways of Knowing" one is tempted to turn at once to the dialogue at the end, "The Knower and the Known," for here the meat of Mr. Montague's solution to the problem of knowledge is to be found. The question is one which has claimed a major part of the attention of philosophers since the time of Descartes—whether the objects about us have an existence and character apart from a mind that knows them. The author characterizes this problem of epistemology as "a speck of dust in the eye." We have mistaken the speck of dust for a real world. When we understand with the realist that "the fact that a thing is known has no direct bearing on its nature," we can go on to a pursuit of philosophy's primary interest, which is "in the ways of things, rather than in the ways of knowing them." Mr. Montague makes an heroic effort to fell the many-headed monster of epistemology that thought may pass on to greater things, and this very effort carries him forward to a world-view, though he would probably choose to give it a more modest name.

* * *

This view is essentially Platonic. It is the belief that reality is not exhausted by the actual objects we see about us in space and time. There is a more inclusive realm, the realm of what might be but is not; and it is toward this ideal world that thought is addressed. Characters of romance like Don Quixote or Mr. Punch dwell there; they are real beings discovered in the realm of the ideal by their authors, and not merely created out of whole cloth. This type of being, which is *subsistence* rather than existence, belongs also to the abstract curves and triangles and arithmetical equations of the mathematician, as well as to all the objects of dreams and illusions. Like birds which skim joyfully in an upper region, these ideal essences continually dip into the spatio-temporal flow of actuality to give it color and character; but their real being is a thing apart. Mr. Montague believes that whatever can be thought of is independent of the mind that thinks it. If you begin by putting even the stuff of dreams into the mind, you end with the subjectivist by reducing the whole world to your own present mental state; and this is intolerable. And yet on the other hand you can not hold with the naive realist that all the things you can think of, all the dream-objects and illusory objects, are parts of the actual world. You must therefore accept this realm of objective essences which are not actualized in space and time, but which are nevertheless grasped, and not created, in the act of thought.

If this theory solves the problem of knowledge, it does so at the cost of raising tremendous metaphysical difficulties. The heads of the epistemological monster are severed only to sprout again. One can not see how or why the ideal entities of thought get caught in the spatio-temporal flux. All one can say is that they do get caught. For some mysterious reason which is of their very nature, the free, skimming birds of possibility take their plunge into the actual. And we begin to wonder if their very life is not bound up with that of the actual. Literature, for example, is typical of man's outward reach toward the ideal; but literature must grow out of life. Life is big with literature. In the same way the ideal is everywhere knit together with the existent, and has no being apart unless it be in abstraction. It must somehow be essential to the ideal to grow out of the actual, no less than it is essential to the actual to grow toward the ideal. The metaphysical difficulty of the original Platonism remains unsolved in Mr. Montague's thought.

A sketch of "The Ways of Knowing" so brief as this can give no impression of the care for detail, for accuracy of statement and fulness of analysis, which informs the whole. The first large section of the volume deals with the ways of attaining knowledge, that is, with logic in a very wide sense of this term. The best method in philosophy is an *entente cordiale* of six major ways of reaching truth; no theory can claim to monopolize the truth. Knowledge comes through authority, intuition, reason, experience, and practice, while scepticism, which "is itself a method of logic only in the sense that anarchism is a theory of government or atheism a kind of theology," enters as a "necessary prophylactic" for all methods, leading to tolerance and open-mindedness. It is in rationalism, tempered by a proper regard for the facts of sense experience, that the writer discovers the method most congenial to his own temperament; but here as everywhere he deplores extremes, and joins hands with both the *a priorists* and the *experimentalists*. "Just as an animal organism needs two sets of organs, one set for acquiring food, and the other for digesting and assimilating it, so it is with the organism of science. The empiricists acquire the food of science, the rationalists digest and assimilate it." Though pragmatism, with its emphasis on the future and on the survival value of beliefs, is less congenial to Mr. Montague, the exposition of this philosophy is one of the best parts of the book.

What is one to say in general of this all-reconciling philosophy of "The Ways of Knowing?" It is the attitude of the fair-minded man. Yet, at the gain of sanity and clarity, it loses that intoxication with an idea which is characteristic of the great philosophers. Men like James, Bergson, Hume, and Spinoza may be wrong, but they are wrong on a tremendous and stirring scale. They have the merit of pushing their ideas to the breaking-point, so that their errors are a source of creation.

The Religion of Science

THE NEW AGE OF FAITH. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. New York: The Viking Press. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by RALPH DEMOS
Harvard University

PLATO maintained that philosophers should be kings. The trouble with society to-day is that philosophers are *not* kings—that the philosophers, i. e., the scholars, keep themselves aloof from public life; and as a result we are faced with a social condition in which there is a divorce between the learned man and the man in the street, that is to say, the man in the automobile, the hotel lobby, or the movie house. The "New Age of Faith" is the age of science, in which science has replaced religion, has become a religion itself. Yet the public drifts without intellectual guidance, because the scientists are either indifferent or cannot express themselves in such a way as to be generally intelligible. What we need are popularizers, interpreters of the scientific truth to the public. Such a popularizer in the socially important sense of the word is Mr. Langdon-Davies; he is clear, simple, vivid, and above all sound. A good scientific interpreter is especially needed now that so many pseudo-scientists have sprung up who, preaching prejudice in the guise of science, have achieved such popular vogue of late. It is these pseudo-scientists, as he calls them, that our author sets out to expose—the "Race Fiends" like Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard, and the "Heredity Fiends," among whom he singles out Mr. Wiggam.

The scientific doctrine on which he centers his attention is that of evolution. There are two factors in evolution—heredity and environment—and according as we emphasize the first or the second we become pessimists or optimists. In the earlier stages of the theory, people were optimists, proclaiming the inevitable and infinite progress of man through the indefinite improvement in the environment. More recently there has been a reaction; people have been more impressed with heredity as the dominant factor, and we have been made to feel that all our progress in civilization has been of little importance The stock, the race, has remained stationary even deteriorated. So now there is a reaction f optimism to pessimism. But hope never sleeps very long and we have a new crop of social reformers, eugenicists and race-discriminationists, who condemn the old-fashioned Christian virtues of mercy to the weak and tolerance of everybody, and raise instead the banner of ruthless discrimination. Their god is the Nordic Stock, their devil is the Negro Race, their gospel is the gospel according to St. Madison Grant, their one aim is how to keep out of the Garden of Eden of the Nordics and the geniuses, the serpent of the Mediterraneans and the Asiatics and the morons. But Mr. Langdon-Davies is a fundamentalist and he will have none of this modernistic religion. He points out how race is a factor impossible to isolate in any nation, that it is practically a fiction, like our old friend from physics, the ether. A nation like the Greeks or the English has been produced from the mixture of ever so many stocks, in the same way as the American nation is being produced to-day. What one should realize is that racial stock, if it exists, is the passive factor, it is mere material out of which the environment—the energies of man and of society—can mould organisms of great diversity. The important thing is not what you have, in the way of hereditary equipment, but what you make out of what you have.

After all, why object to the Christian virtues of kindness to the weak-minded and the weak-bodied, as implying an arrogant interference with the cause of evolution? These feelings have evolved naturally, they are part of the evolutionary scheme, just as much as the feelings of the tigers and the behavior of the plants; in fact, it is the eugenicists who, in their attack upon these feelings, set themselves in opposition to the evolutionary process. Every species, as it evolves, contributes its own share to the general scheme; otherwise its appearance would have no importance; and the contribution of the human species is precisely these humane feelings. The view which represents the environment as fixed, as something to take or to leave, to which man must adapt himself as best he can, through the merciless process of natural selection, is as wrong as it is naïve. Man as Prometheus, as the inventor, and the conqueror of his environment, is duplicated in all the earl ies, though on a smaller scale. The envi evolves no less than the race, and man is fo excellent precedents in setting out to mould it. Here lies man's hope—in focusing his energies on the improvement and the recreation of the environment so that it may provide the best possible stimulus for his capacities. As Mr. Langdon-Davies eloquently says in the concluding paragraph of the book:

> There is only one chance of avoiding the supreme danger to the human race: that danger is the same for man as for all other living organisms, namely, the danger of not being able to conquer the difficulties of the environment, of failing in the struggle for survival; and since the antagonist in the struggle is the environment, and since man through Prometheus controls and alters it, man can disarm and weaken his enemy by his own magic and thereby free himself and reign supreme. Not by generation but by creation, not by controlling the living being but by controlling the world into which it is born, will the scientific statesman of the future avoid the rocks and steer his ship into the temporary haven which is the best he can ever expect in the incessant flux of time and change.

This Jolly Old World

THIS IS THE LIFE! By WALT MCDOUGALL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is a book that lives up to its title. Toward the end of his autobiography Mr. McDougall observes, "I do not know why we are here nor where we go from here"; but he evidently agrees with Samuel Butler that since we are here, our first duty is to try to get some fun out of it. Unless he is romancing as gaily as the writers for *True Stories*, he has; and his readers will get a good deal of fun out of reading about it.

In journalistic history Walt McDougall will live as the first of the regular daily newspaper cartoonists (this statement, as the financial advertisements say, being made on information and belief and not guaranteed). The paragraph which that distinction may earn him in some ultimate dictionary of national biography will say that he was born in Newark in 58, engaged in various occupations in early life, ew many famous men, became a free-lance carnist for New York weeklies in the early eighties, rted his daily cartoons for the *World* in 1884, nt over to Hearst in the later nineties, came back

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to the *World*, spent some years on the Philadelphia *North American*, engaged later in syndicate work, then became a game protector in Florida, and finally an amateur horticulturist in Connecticut.

It is a record more diversified than most but the merit of the book lies outside the chronicle of happenings and the expected fund of good stories. It lies in the spirit of the author. He has always had a good time and doesn't care who knows it, and he tries to help his readers have a good time too—this in an age where the most highly admired books, and the most widely circulated, are those which try to infect the author's customers with his own acute acidosis. Joy books are rare and they have a scarcity value.

A further virtue of Mr. McDougall's is that he doesn't give a damn for anybody. This shines out the more strongly because his story is inevitably, in large part, a story of newspapers and newspapermen. Most books of that sort are written either by executives, or by earnest young men who hope to become executives if they display sufficient adeptness in office politics. Accordingly, journalistic history comes pretty near being a subdivision of hagiology. But McDougall's chronicle will never be included in any volume of the *acta sanctorum*. He says what he thinks, regardless, a quality all the more laudable since his career is principally identified with the newspaper which above all others has erected the worship of the genius of Rome and Augustus into a state religion, the New York *World*.

Don Seitz's book about Pultizer was probably as free from pious reserve as any official biography can ever be, but none the less it was official and its character is written on every page. Read it with McDougall as a commentary and it is like putting lemon juice on invisible ink. Seitz states the facts, or as many of them as discretion permits; McDougall whittles the statement to a point.

* * *

The bulk of Mr. McDougall's book is devoted to New York in the eighties and nineties, and to the gay companions of that epoch when our town was still small enough for a good mixer to know everybody. One reads about the gallant spirits and the merry life—and presently recalls, with a jolt, that this is the age whose shame has been described by Robert Herrick in doleful novels, whose stiff and varnished innocence has been depicted by Edith Wharton, whose low mortal ideals and parochial culture have become a commonplace of American social history. Read McDougall, and it sounds like the Golden Age.

This reviewer did not have the felicity to be alive during much of that period, or to be taking notice during any of it; but he suspects that his own glands are not so well balanced, his liver and kidneys not so copperlined, that he would have found it quite as aureate as did our happy author. One who knows McDougall only from his book may even suspect that any age in which he lived would have been golden enough, for him. Doubtless, like everything else, it looks better in retrospect. None the less he has been or says he has been, a happy man, and recognizes his obligation to set down the secret of success. You will find it in bits, here and there; and if it won't fit everybody the author may at least say in extenuation that it has fitted him, that just as four hours' sleep and abstinence from cigarettes made Edison, so this regimen made McDougall:

> The one quite common error of sacrificing health and strength for money or a boss I have not committed, for I have lost no opportunity for play as I went along instead of waiting until I had leisure for it; and because I played diligently I am still virile and joyous and so much ahead of the game. . . I have observed that the more senile of my old comrades are those who have clung like barnacles to one job, and that the ones who have been fired the oftenest are the most resilient. . . All employers love the humble toiler who imagines his job is the only one on earth, just as they dread and suspect him who sits lightly on the perch, knowing that his wings will carry them anywhere.

There is the prescription, ladies and gentlemen; take it or leave it. For the rest, McDougall is as bad a parsmagnafuer as any other autobiographer, whether he rolls his own or signs a tailor-made one by Burton J. Hendrick; but at least he takes the curse off by splashing it on with a thickness that can deceive no one except social historians—as when he credits tornados with waiting till he gets to town, and ascribes the post-war popularity of prize fighting to cartoons in the *World* in the early nineties. Once Americans could generally do this sort of thing, and appreciate it; but our age will probably take these statements seriously as it takes everything else.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Brief Case

JOHN MACY seems to me to have done the almost undoable. He has written a sketch of the world's literature from the beginning down to our own day—from the *chansons de geste* to Edgar Guest, one might say, though that would be wrong—which is swift, scholarly, informal, and has the true thrill. This is the kind of job that has to be done over and over again, for each generation: sorting over the baggage of the past to see exactly how much of it we absolutely need to carry in our own brief-case. But I don't suppose it has ever been done with more genuine piety and charm. Mr. Macy's brief-case ("The Story of the World's Literature," *Boni & Liveright*: 592 pp., $5.00) costs the reader less than one cent a page and gives him enough to ponder for a year. For three months now I have been dipping into it, reading a few pages in bed at midnight, and delighting in the skill and courage with which Macy has tackled this impossible task. He has been so successful because he never thought of it as a task. It is not like many books of that sort, just a manual. It is a cordial: it has the heart of literature beating in it. Jack Macy was the right man to do this book because he understands the continuity of literature: a kind of chain-letter coming down the ages from the unguessable hearts of long ago who had their torments also and hankered to share them: like that mythical "American army-officer" who starts all the chain-letters. If you want to know the kind of book this really is, it makes one take a small slip of paper and write down the things you swear you simply must read or reread—such as "The Arabian Nights," "The Golden Ass," Caesar's "Gallic War," Virgil, Malory, Voltaire, Don Quixote, and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

* * *

It is a thoroughly humane book, with no unworthy compromise with the scoffish tendency of the age. Jack climbs the beanstalk of scholarship into fairyland, but he does not set out to kill all the Giants. He finds, as we all do, that for the most part the people we have been told were great, really are great. Cicero is not a dull writer just because we were forced to read him immaturely; Burton and Thomas Fuller are just as entrancing as Lamb said they were. The conversational simplicity of Mr. Macy's method, with his lively humor, his shrewd asides, his deep feeling for the profound and tragic emotions, never slips into lack of dignity. He quotes Pascal's great *mot*—"When one sees the natural style one is astonished and delighted; for one expected to find an author and one finds a man." That is what one finds in this book. How fine a sagacity in his remarks by the way—

> We who lie on this side of the great romantic period are inclined to discover all the gold and jewels of Donne and his successors and to think that Pope's well moulded metal is not so precious. This is a mistake from the point of view of criticism, from the point of view of pure amateurish enjoyment. Every poet, every artist should be appreciated, judged, treasured by the best that *he* did in *his* kind, no matter what other artists before him or near him or after him may have done. And of excellent specimens of two different kinds who shall say, who need say which is the better?

The book is delightful precisely because it is written from the standpoint of "pure amateurish enjoyment." "I have been bothered all my life," he tells us, "to determine which are major and which are minor poets." "We need not be abashed by great reputations, and Pamela is little better than what we should now call pretty good moving-picture stuff." "Dr. Johnson's verse is negligible." "It seems to me that Stevenson for all his praise of youth, his gay courage, his scrupulous devotion to art, and his immense popularity, was a reactionary, an old-fashioned man, and that while he was polishing his sentences the fine new thing was being done by another artist who also polished his sentences but had stouter metal to polish, George Gissing. I will stake my reputation on that judgment." It is not necessary to agree with all Mr. Macy's comments: to take merely one instance, the Dr. Johnson who wrote the Prologue for the Drury Lane opening, and the poem about the death of Dr. Levett, does not seem to me a negligible versifier. But I have not found a single judgment in the six hundred pages that is not applaudable or relishable because one can understand why Mr. Macy feels that way.

* * *

There is a fine courage in Mr. Macy's method: he deliberately sets aside what must often have been a strong temptation to linger over his special favorites. He never relaxes the austerity of his intention: to show us the great river of human writing as a constant flowing stream, not as a succession of items. As he said long ago, in his fine little book on American Literature, "novels are suckled at the breasts of elder novels." And in the good talkative brevity of his tale he strikes off many a spark. Of Meredith, for instance: "He requires for full understanding a reader who can match his brains against the author's, and for that matter so do Shakespeare and every other man of genius." "Let us reiterate one principle on which this brief survey of literature is based—namely, that any intelligent person can read anything ever put on paper without the slightest moral damage. And unintelligent, humorless people are safe because they will not read literature or will not understand what they try to read." There are wonders in the human mind, as Marlowe's great lines remind us, "which into words no virtue can digest," and Macy's summary is hearteningly aware of this. He knows, as so few of the boilers-down of literary history seem to have known, how small a proportion of the world's literature has ever actually got itself written. It surrounds, like a sunset glow, the poor actual shreds and tatters of men's hearts that lie for us, so neatly parallel, on the printed page. Something of this aura, this golden trouble, this feeling of hunger and anger and ecstasy, he has touched into life. He knows that all art is "begotten by Despair upon impossibility."

* * *

The other day, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 45th Street, I overhead one man say to another a familiar phrase that is pleasantly expressive of much contemporary psychology, "I got a terrific kick out of it," I heard him say; that was all; I have no notion of the nature of the impact. It is true that just now especially human nature seems to be eager for whatever can give it this desirable flutter behind the ribs, this warmth on the cheekbones. For those who have learned the great secret that in communion with the vanished hearts of literature lies perhaps the greatest and most delicately durable "kick" of all, Mr. Macy's book will be a happiness. I can imagine that some experienced scholars of world-literature will point to flaws of proportion, to omissions, or sketchiness; but the author himself admits these. The truly important thing is what a too severe scholar might even miss, the subtle dignity of this very colloquial and conversational book. It has the dignity of passion: the dignity of dealing with literature as it deserves, as the living expression of human joy and suffering. It is written in what can only be called a profoundly religious spirit; for these great lives who wrestled for us to say their weirds are the most sacred saints we have. A woman told me that when she saw the words "O rare Ben Johnson" on the stone in Westminster Abbey (it is spelled there with an h, I think) her eyes were wet. That was the true spirit of religion. That is the religion that Mr. Macy understands. His book is full of it; it ends with the word Amen; and, however absurd it may seem to the cynical, the feeling that it often implants in the reader is the humble prayer that he too, even in his littleness and perplexity, might somehow strive to add something to this noble story of men's hearts. So it is not only a brief-case, but a breviary.

* * *

This haphazard comment on Mr. Macy's book would be even more incomplete if one did not add a word as to the unusual drawings by Onorio Ruotolo, which are uneven in excellence, but at their best are superb. Mr. Ruotolo has remarkable power and imagination; some of the portraits, while perhaps making too direct a bid for one's sentiment, are extraordinarily impressive. I call your attention, for instance, to those of Dante, Tolstoy, and Poe.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Books of Special Interest

La Belle France

FRENCH LIFE AND IDEALS. By ALBERT FEUILLERAT. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Floyd Morris

MONSIEUR FEUILLERAT, professor of English literature at the University of Rennes, came to Yale as visiting professor during the year 1919-20. There, he delivered a series of lectures upon which the present volume is based. "French Life and Ideals" implies the conditions which produced it. It was, quite obviously, composed as discourse to be heard rather than to be read; it is a book of eight lectures, rather than eight essays. It was composed for the purpose of reaching a cultivated and serious audience, and with the object of removing from their minds certain traditional misconceptions and substituting for these certain positive ideas. Finally, it was composed at a time when the extreme delicacy of international relations gave this attempt an added significance. It performs, so to speak, a legitimate ambassadorial function in the field of international understanding.

These conditions no doubt largely dictated both the scope and method of the book. In comparatively brief space, Monsieur Feuillerat surveys eight aspects of his subject; the formation of French nationality, temperament, intellectual qualities, imagination and sentiment, the social instinct, morals and family life, politics and religion. He has been meticulous in his selection of material; choosing, in every instance, the principal traditional misconceptions, analyzing them lucidly, proceeding to a cogent exposition of the general ideas wherewith he attempts to supplant them. These ideas are, in the main, familiar enough to Americans already substantially acquainted with French culture and civilization. It is not to such Americans that the book is addressed. But to Americans unacquainted with French life or perplexed by it, to those who find the French temperament baffling and the French mind elusive, Professor Feuillerat offers a persuasive introduction. His eight lectures are clear, concise, and admirably thorough; every one is an adequate summary of its subject. Together they constitute an orderly coherent explanation of those phases of national life and culture which, essentially autochthonous, are apt to be most incomprehensible to the uninitiated foreigner. The book, although it offers little to readers whose equipment includes some contact with French life and thought, provides expert assistance in the inauguration of such contact.

Index to Building

ELEMENTS OF FORM AND DESIGN IN CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE. By ARTHUR STRATTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $7.50.

Reviewed by AYMAR EMBURY II.

THE architect of the eighteenth century was dependent upon his own observation for his precedent, and if he were a little travelled man, the only motives which he knew were those in his neighborhood; if on the other hand, his travels were extensive, he would know buildings of other periods and other schools, permitting to him a much greater freedom in his selection of a solution of his own problem.

Today, our designers are familiar with most of the buildings of the known world, either by illustration or by personal study, and the ease, rapidity, and cheapness of travel has made it possible for almost every student of architecture to take at least one brief trip to these countries in which architecture is a classic precedent, before he becomes himself a designer. For this reason, our current architecture is far more varied and less of a unit in type than was that of any preceding century: naturally, also, our knowledge of any particular style or design is far less thorough on the whole than was that of the eighteenth century man, who followed only one precedent. Yet, the very mass of illustration, and the enormous number of precedents of which we have some slight knowledge, make the problem of selection almost as difficult as would a complete ignorance of the fact that such precedents existed, and different architectural offices seem to fall into grooves, adapting a small number of precedents to uses to which they are not always fitted and often ignoring a far better solution, which they are either unable to conceive or of whose previous existence they have no knowledge.

The purpose of this book is to supply an index to known forms of classic building and to present an analysis of elemental plans, sections and ele- [illegible] convenient for [illegible] author has found [illegible] classic models, [illegible] encourage an extension [illegible] stylistic building, [illegible] the furthering of [illegible] of any particular [illegible] rather to show, in the [illegible] value of structural [illegible] building, whether [illegible] depends for its ultimate expression [illegible] constructional principles which are [illegible] constant. . . . It aims at interesting [illegible] who are concerned with the design [illegible] buildings into first principles of arrangement irrespective of style, period or fashion, and its scope is deliberately limited to the most elementary of known form.

The book is admirably successful in its purpose. It is a genuine index to all the simpler forms of composition and if there is any mistake in the scope of the book, it is that this analysis has been carried too far and into too complex motives. The number of possible plans of considerable size is so infinite that no one analysis can comprise them all and an attempted analysis which includes only a few, thereby tends to defeat its own purpose by limiting or appearing to limit the number of solutions; but up to the point where the possibilities of simple plans are exhausted, the book is as complete as is necessary and in no way redundant. It has therefore the merit of being suggestive only. There is nothing which can be literally copied but much that can usefully be known.

School Work

EXPERIMENTAL PRACTICE IN THE CITY AND COUNTRY SCHOOL. Edited by CAROLINE PRATT, with a Record of Group Seven by LULA E. WRIGHT. Dutton. 1924.

Reviewed by V. M. HILLYER
Headmaster, Calvert School

HERE is a Pepys' Diary of a year's work with a group of seven year olds in the City & Country School of New York. This school is of the type known as "Progressive" spelled with a capital "P." Now the name "Progressive" too often covers a multitude of sins against psychology, education, society and common sense. But when I visited the C & C School some time ago I found it so particularly free from such sins that I should characterize it "progressive with a small 'p' but capital significance."

This book is a record of the school doings of children, day by day, and, month by month, and one whose idea of school is iron-bound desks, iron-bound methods, dog-eared primers, scratchy slates, and a teacher on a platform hearing a lesson from a book, will not recognize a school in these descriptions: of building a city from boxes and blocks, of visiting docks, markets, and rail, way stations, of cooking candy and cakes, of writing, costuming, and giving plays.

One gets a vivid picture of the daily activities of these young children, but it seems to me a pity that so much data gathered and recorded is not strung together either to deduce a method or formulate a practice. The instances are like beads in a box, interesting or pretty but of little use until strung into a necklace.

Fortunately Miss Pratt, the head of the school, in her introductory "Argument," has stated some of the principles for which she is striving and this may give the studious teacher a thread on which to string the class records that follow. Unfortunately only the exceptional teacher has the mind, ability, or interest to do her own stringing.

Miss Pratt states as the object of her books that "We are publishing our programs for one distinct reason—to get discussion of our procedure." I may, therefore, by way of discussion, offer two "cons" to her "Argument."

"How to secure the possibility for creative opportunity for teacher and children," says Miss Pratt, "is the fundamental question with such a school as ours."

Read that again.

To me "creative opportunity" does not seem to be the "fundamental question" for a seven-year old—but my objection is chiefly to the word "creative." Of course,, a seven year old cannot really create anything—he can make, build, think, plan things for himself, instead of *having them made*, built, thought, planned for him—If that's the idea—well and very good.

Again she says "There is little doubt that certain periods of development suffer more intrinsically from what we term a training method than others. Very young children, let us say up to six, seven, and eight, during which years a change in interests takes place, cannot stand up under it."

I do not think any age is too young to begin such training. On the contrary, a great many young ages are too old.

In the Calvert School, a disciplinary training method is started with four-year olds and after twenty-five years, the results bear witness to the value of such practice in the last analysis, results are the test of any method, principle or practice. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I couldn't refrain a chuckle when Miss Pratt takes a fling at some former methods, once upon a time considered modern and progressive, for instance:—

Sloyd as taught in the Denmark schools where whole classes saw in unison while the teacher counts, and Montessori's system—now, I believe moribund—based on a false analysis of mind into senses.

Sic Gloria Transit!

German Drama

A HISTORICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SURVEY OF THE GERMAN RELIGIOUS DRAMA. By MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN. University of Pittsburgh Studies in Language and Literature. 1924.

Reviewed by Carl Schreiber
Yale University

IT is fortunate that there are endowed presses, otherwise the publication of such useful reference works as this bibliographical survey would be out of the question. The book will appeal to a very limited circle only; but those who hereafter venture into this field of research will be spared many a weary hour of blind groping about for the source material by first familiarizing themselves with this well-arranged, comprehensive outline. Dr. Rudwin is an accredited guide; he has labored long and diligently in this field and has to his credit six books and monographs, besides numerous articles bearing on this subject.

The Survey presents a list of dramatic texts and productions covering almost the last thousand years, with the best reference material under each heading. It is indeed an agreeable surprise to learn that

All the material except the titles marked with an asterisk has been consulted in the libraries of this country. . . . The book may, therefore, be considered as further testimony to the fact that America is no longer dependent upon Europe for its intellectual pabulum. It is apparent that even for so non-popular a phase of European literature and culture, the American libraries are well equipped.

Most of this starred material, however, comes under the heading of newspaper articles, and then the surprise is far from agreeable. There seems to be an almost fatal dearth in this country of complete files of the most important German papers. The *Leipziger* as well as the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* and the *Vossische Zeitung* are, according to Dr. Rudwin, not to be had.

If space permitted much might be said upon the alarming aspects of this point. As the cost of publication mounts scholars are entrusting more and more of their findings to magazines and to the files of the standard newspapers. The larger libraries are becoming aware of the magnitude of the task confronting them. Where large flourishing collections exist, e.g. Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, it seems quite imperative that those responsible for increasing the usefulness of such treasures should be regular subscribers to clipping agencies in the countries where the most valuable material is being published.

A recent doctor's dissertation from Göttingen was also reported among the missing. Have the University exchanges not been resumed since the war?

It is apparent that Dr. Rudwin prepared the Survey for German consumption. When the opportunity to print it here presented itself, the manuscript was not thoroughly revised. In several places in close juxtaposition one hits upon striking evidence of a change of plan.

"Rudwin: The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction.

(*Anmerkung 4 erwähnt den Teufel im geistl. Drama*).

Rudwin: Supernaturalism and Satanism in Chateaubriand.

(Differentiation of character and personality between Lucifer and Satan)."

The proof reading was done with great care. Only once was a misprint detectable. On page 127 appears the only humorous touch unwittingly injected into the long survey: *Gleichen-Russwurm* becomes *Nusswurm*. That suggests one further matter, which must of necessity [illegible] e important bearing on a stan[illegible]raphy. One queries; if Dr. R[illegible] stently writes *Hahn, Alban von* [illegible] *Adelbert von*, why not G[illegible] *wurm*, *Alexander von*. As a direct descendant of Schiller and an author of high repute this gentleman has a right to his name in full. That delightful monk and scholar in Munich—here referred to as *Expeditus Schmidt*—invariably appears on titles pages and in bibliographies as *P.* (ater) *Expeditus Schmidt*. But such slight variants detract in no wise from the great usefulness of this "Survey of the German Religious Drama."

Excelsior

THE FIGHT FOR EVEREST: 1924. By E. F. NORTON and others. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925. $7.50.

Reviewed by LEROY JEFFERS, F.R.G.S.

THIS is the thrilling story of the third expedition to conquer Mount Everest, 29,141 feet, the highest mountain in the world. All the hard earned knowledge of the 1921 and 1922 parties had been studied with minute care and the 1924 attempt brought to bear the best equipped and strongest mountain climbing party that has ever been assembled. Throughout the extraordinary hardships of the trip they displayed a courage and determination that has never been surpassed, and which involved the sacrifice of life itself.

Gen. C. G. Bruce was again to be in general charge, but sickness on the way compelled his return to lower altitude, and Col. E. F. Norton assumed command. Traveling across the high plateau of Tibet, base camp was established at 16,800 feet. A line of camps, with adequate supplies transported by back-packing, was next in order; but instead of reasonably fair weather for the brief interval available for climbing before the arrival of the dreaded monsoon, the party was driven back by continuous storms. The ascent of the North Col to 23,000 feet where the base camp for serious climbing was placed, proved especially dangerous, and exhausted the strongest members of the party. Such severe wind and intense cold with blizzards that raged for days was beyond human endurance, and so reduced the strength of the best climbers that they were not in fair condition for the supreme struggle at greater heights.

Camp five was located at 25,300 feet, but here the native porters gave out and were unable to go higher, which forced the climbers Mallory and Bruce to descend. Meanwhile Norton and Somervell had pushed upward to a camp at 26,800 feet. They continued the next day as before without the use of oxygen apparatus, until Norton reached 28,126 feet, where from physical necessity he turned back. It is his belief that with weather conditions which allow a climbing party to retain their strength for use on the higher slopes of the peak, oxygen will not be necessary.

Possibly of all the men who had resolved to conquer Everest, George Leigh Mallory had the most indomitable purpose. He alone accompanied all three expeditions, and no one was a more enthusiastic and competent climber. As a final effort, after the exhaustion of the other leading climbers, Mallory decided to attempt it once again with Andrew C. Irvine, a young man who had proven his worth on the present trip. They took oxygen with them for use above the 26,800 foot camp. On June 8th they started for the summit from this highest camp, while Odell, who had come up to the 25,300 foot camp, also advanced toward the one above. At 26,000 feet Odell viewed a sudden lifting of the clouds that veiled the ridge and summit of Everest. Near the base of the final pyramid at about 28,230 feet, he saw two tiny figures moving upward over the snow, and then the cloud curtain veiled them forever from view.

Until late that night Odell and Hazard gazed upward for some sign of the returning climbers, but none appeared. By noon of the next day Odell reascended to Camp five, and on the following morning reached camp six with much difficulty on account of severe weather. Alas, he found no sign of the missing men, and though he struggled onward in the gale for two hours more, at last he was forced to abandon the search.

Mr. Odell states that when he saw the climbers, they had only about 800 feet of altitude to surmount and perhaps 1600 feet of ground to cover to reach the top. Such personal acquaintance as I was privileged to have with Mr. Mallory strongly inclines me to believe with Mr. Odell in the probability that the summit was reached, and that the climbers were benighted on their return and perished from lack of shelter in the extreme cold.

Sooner or later another expedition will doubtless bring back a definite record from the summit of Everest.

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The increasing recognition in America of the depth and beauty of Virginia Woolf's work as a novelist calls for this new edition of her first work of fiction.

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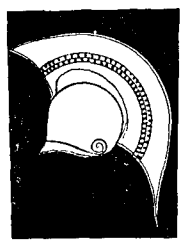
CLOUD CUCKOO LAND



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"The best, if not the only, English historical novelist now writing." —*New Statesman (London)*. $2.50

Books of Special Interest

A Biblical Problem

THE GOSPEL OF MARK: its Composition and Date. By BENJAMIN WISNER BACON. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ALBERT J. EDMUNDS

MY FIELD is the Lower Criticism, so that I am compelled to pass lightly over the Higher, and confess my inability to visualize Q and the "Special Source" of Luke as literary entities. It was in July, 1875, half a century ago, that I first analyzed the Gospels, spending most of a summer vacation with paste-pot and scissors. Since then I have known my way about the Gospels as about the streets of a city, and can generally tell what story is told by all Four, what by three, two, or one alone. This is indispensable to any Gospel criticism at all. In spite of what I have said about Q (the common matter in Luke and Matthew which is not in Mark), the contents of that document which can be fixed by the paste-pot have long been part of my mental furniture. I firmly believe in the one-time existence of such a source, but every scholar knows that its exact contents have not been demonstrated. Streeter gives us a valuable caution against exaggerating its worth, and he also proposes other lost sources.

In 1890 I attacked the problem afresh, and for years worked through Abbott and Rushbrooke's Synopticon and also on the "canons and sections" in the margins of the manuscripts, from the Sinaitic downwards. Then I specialized for more years upon the problem of the Mark Appendices, and studied ancient Armenian so as better to interrogate the star witness in the case. Consequently the present essay must not be taken as a scientific critique but as a literary review, or the loose observations of an amateur upon a fascinating book.

Another thing. Ever since the first Society for Psychical Research was founded in 1882, I have been a student of their results, and have made some minor contributions of my own thereto. Consequently many things in the Gospels which are mythical to the average man are real to me. I have no need to relegate the Voice from heaven to the realm of midrash embellishment, as does Professor Bacon. I know that Fox, Swedenborg, and many more, down to date, have heard psychic voices.

The first thing that strikes the reader of Bacon's book is the title, "Gospel of Mark," without the "Saint." This is because the oldest manuscripts read: "According to Mark" (Vatican Codex, fourth century); "Gospel according to Mark" (Sinaitic Manuscript, fourth century); "Gospel of Mark," (oldest Syriac manuscript, fifth century). As Bacon says, the meaning is: "This Gospel represents the story of Peter not as recorded but *as it used to be preached*, by Mark." The second thing is, that one whole chapter is entitled: "Why Mark is Incomplete." Far beyond all the fascinating problems of date and authorship dealt with in this masterly monograph, is the cardinal one: Why is Mark truncated? Indeed it is the cardinal problem of the entire New Testament, for the Central Fact of the Christian Religion is bound up therewith: viz., the apparitions of Christ after death. Readers of modern translations, like the Twentieth Century New Testament and those of Moffatt and Goodspeed, are aware that Mark has a double ending. You can take your choice whether you will end him with the Longer Appendix ("Mark" XVI. 9—20, the one popularized by the cheap editions of the Bible Societies) or the Shorter Appendix.

The reason for this is, that the oldest manuscripts in Greek, Syriac, Armenian and Georgian (the oldest Latin ones are out of court, being torn off in Mark XV) have no ending at all, but break off at the most exciting place without further information: the women come to the grave, see a ghost, run off in a fright, and keep it quiet. Different ancient churches therefore adopted two rival conclusions to round out the Gospel. Bacon says, "The two second-century appendices to Mark attempt each to bring the mutilated Gospel into line with a different tradition, the one locating the appearances exclusively in Galilee, the other locating them exclusively in Jerusalem and its environs."

The whole problem of the ending of Mark will never have justice done it until scholars make more use of the Armenian Version. Their present use of it is generally confined to the quotation of one peculiar manuscripts in Greek, Syriac, Armenian, and Longer Appendix to the presbyter Aristion. But the truth is, that the oldest Armenian manuscripts support the two oldest Greek ones, the Sinai Syriac and the Georgian by ending at XVI. 8:

"They said nothing to any one, for they were afraid of . . . . .

HERE ENDETH THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARK."

This colophon is always in red.

Now, while only the very oldest Greek, Syriac, and Georgian manuscripts end thus, the Armenians have kept up the fight for twelve hundred years longer than the first two and there is a whole family of their manuscripts, down to 1657, that end like this. The reason is, that Armenia was independent of the great centralized churches of Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, which appear to have ordered the insertion of the Longer Appendix about the fifth century. Alone. among Christian nations, the Armenians kept up the first-century ending for further centuries, even after European printers were whipping that ancient Version into line with our Catholic and Protestant texts.

The greatest study in English on the endings of Mark is not quoted by Bacon. The author is Clarence Williams of Germantown, and his monograph was published at New Haven in 1921 (though dated 1915—delay due to the war). One misses also any allusion to the remarkable studies of Rendel Harris, especially his reconstruction of the Book of Testimonies, i.e. a lost manual of Old Testament prophecies fulfilled in the New.

Lake's great study of the Resurrection narratives is also neglected. Lake has proved conclusively, by comparison of the narratives of Matthew, John, and the "Peter" Gospel, that *the Vatican Manuscript is right in keeping the women outside the sepulchre*. The idea of entry is taken over from Luke, as Alford maintained. We must never forget Jerome's pregnant information about the manuscripts, which he knew so well: *they copied things from Luke into Mark*. I am inclined to extend this to the spices, for it is improbable that the anointing and the empty grave story originated with Mark, which was an apparitional Gospel, and therefore prized by the Docetists, as Bacon himself reminds us. Bacon also points out the Lucan origin of the empty grave story when he says: "All these details suggest an origin for the story of the Women at the Sepulchre in the Special Source of Luke which we have found reason in many passages to regard as utilized by Mark, a source in which to an extraordinary extent women are given the place of honor."

Apart from the all-absorbing topic of the apparitions of Christ, the most interesting problems dealt with are those connected with beliefs about judgment and the afterlife (eschatology), and the date furnished by the attempt of Caligula to have his image erected in the Jerusalem temple in A. D. 40.

The World To-morrow

THE PASSING OF POLITICS. By WILLIAM KAY WALLACE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. $4.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. WALLACE is not the first writer to insist that economics is displacing politics as the motive force in social organization and procedure, but he is one of the first to argue the point by a somewhat elaborate historical survey of the development of the idea of the state. A good deal of his exposition will probably strike the average reader as abstruse, and not a little of what he has to say seems irrelevant, or at least no more relevant to the subject in hand than it might easily be to other subjects. His book is distinctly one which does not carry its conclusion before it from the beginning, and not until the closing chapters are reached is it altogether clear how the story is to end. The book would have been better had it been half as long, at least twice as simple, and its expository trend considerably more obvious, for then it would have been assured of a reading from a far larger number of the men and women who ought to read and ponder it; but this is a council of perfection, and all that can be done, since Mr. Wallace is entitled to make any kind of a book that he pleases, is to say that the book, in spite of certain defects of form and content, is really a notable contribution to the understanding of things as they are, and as such ought to be widely known.

So much of Mr. Wallace's argument as deals with the nature and growth of politics as "the norm of theory in public affairs, the theory of the state," is more or less familiar, notwithstanding that his definition of politics as "a method of regulating social intercourse without immediate recourse to force" has at least novelty of phrase. The dominance of the political age is traced no further back than the days of feudalism, and in that dominance feudalism, war, and religion are shown to have played leading parts. The breakdown of the political state began with the instrusion of democracy in the rise of a middle class. It was middle class democracy that overthrew the political power of aristocracies, secularized religion through the Protestant schism, and started constitutional government in England on its course. It was the same democracy that emphasized such individualistic ideas as liberty, justice, and duty, and at the same time developed the spirit and practice of nationalism and nourished the patriotism that led only too often to war.

⁂

Oddly enough as it may at first seem, it is the same democracy that, as Mr. Wallace sees it, is now destroying the political concept of the state, and with it the middle class which has been to the political state the chief source of strength. Democracy, in other words, has always been a disintegrating and subversive force. Where people once talked of personal liberty and individual right they now talk of equality by political ideas and methods, they are seeking a new social order in which economic interests, the only interests with which the average man is vitally concerned, shall hold the whip hand. Once the acquisition of property was a controlling motive, but now it is the equitable distribution of wealth that is the aim, and since the middle class has been the mainstay of the property idea, it is the middle class that is destined to disappear before the rising power of the proletariat.

Precisely what the form of the new state shall be when economics shall have ejected politics into space is not altogether clear from Mr. Wallace's pages, but it apparently will not be either socialistic or communistic as those terms are generally understood. Capital and labor both remain and will form the basis of new party alignments, but they will not exist as embattled hosts always ready to fight for their respective "rights," but rather as economic activities bound together by their impersonal character in a community of interest. The individual, on the other hand, must be prepared to sink himself in the mass, "to sacrifice his ethical values as an individual, and his metaphysical concepts of liberty, for new economic values and material advantages." To all such changes the middle class stands solidly opposed, and hence its elimination becomes the primary task of those who would help on the new order in which politics shall be no more.

⁂

Whether the revolution which Mr. Wallace sees advancing is to work to the full the drastic changes which he indicates is, of course, still an open question, and the organized forces of the propertied and the privileged may be counted upon to fight it tooth and nail. Of the soundness of Mr. Wallace's general exposition, however, there can be no reasonable doubt. The modern world has long been wearying of politics. The national "policies" which political government champions and the international controversies in which it engages have less and less interest for the citizen who is not on the inside, and neither nationalism nor patriotism makes any longer its accustomed appeal. Time was when men thought it a noble thing to die for what they conceived to be their country, but they are few today who would care to die for oil or even for the League. The hollowness of most political issues, of the issues, that is, with which present-day governments chiefly deal, has become apparent to the man in the street, and the demand for a nearer approach to economic equality is heard everywhere. It is this demand that Mr. Wallace, viewing it as the logical and inevitable outcome of a long historical evolution, hails as the force that is remaking the world.

The Book Club of California announces the publication of Richard de Bury's "The Philobiblon" in a limited edition of 250 copies for sale only to members of the Club. The volume is a folio, 15 by 10 inches, printed in two colors from 16 point Poliphilus type, in double columns, on Van Gelder handmade paper. It is bound in boards with cloth back and paper label. The ornamental initial letters throughout were designed especially for this edition. The volume was printed at the Grabhorn Press of San Francisco. No pains has been spared to make the edition one of distinction.

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Books of Special Interest

The Passing Show

[illegible] ROUND-UP; Stories [illegible] Passing Show. By [illegible] HORNADAY. New York: [illegible] Sons. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by Douglas S. Roberts

This is an interesting, instructive, and well illustrated book written by one [illegible] Museum, Minneapolis, Minn. [illegible] to speak of the subject. The sportsman, the naturalist, the museum-preparator, and the general reader who is interested in animal life will all alike find much first-hand information and entertainment in its pages. The subject matter is presented in Dr. Hornaday's usual direct and forceful style, frequently in anecdotal form. Many of the chapters are reproductions or adaptations of articles published long ago. They are here brought together from widely scattered sources and presented in convenient form for re-reading or consultation as they are now of even greater interest than when they originally appeared. A few recent articles have been included and considerable entirely new material serves to complete and bind together the general "Round-up."

The twenty-four chapters are divided into three natural groupings or parts. Part I, "Diversions in Picturesque Game-Lands," contains chiefly narratives of the author's long past experiences as a "naturalist-collector" in many lands for the United States National and other museums. Such accounts as "Our Last Buffalo Hunt" and "Golden Days in the Shoshone Mountains" contain vivid and gripping tales of conditions long since past.

Part II, "Bringing Some Wild-Animals down to Date," contains eleven chapters all but one of which depict in sadly reminiscent vein present-day conditions as compared with those which existed before man took possession of the wilderness. Dr. Hornaday is a rank pessimist as to the future of the wild life in general in this country of ours and in other lands. In the Introduction to the present books he says "Honestly, I am glad that I shall not be alive to see the tattered remnants of 'picturesque America' as they will appear fifty years from today." The copious tears of regret and bitter resentment that the Doctor sheds so often are in truth justified but it is perhaps better to cease lamenting and look forward hopefully to the readjustment, in part at least, that must certainly follow the wide-spread and energetic conservation measures that have been inaugurated in recent years. The wanton destruction of the earlier days is deplored by everyone but in the opening up of a new country it was to some extent inevitable. Primitive conditions had to go. If man was to pre-empt the land with all his many activities there could be no place for the larger wild animals. Some of these have gone, never to return, sacrificed to man's uncontrolled greed and instinct to kill, but it is surely not too late to hope that those that are left will find safety and a chance to multiply in the many great havens of refuge that a wiser policy is setting aside for their benefit. So it may be that when the fifty years have passed the remnant will not be quite as "tattered" as Dr. Hornaday opines.

The chapter entitled "How Wild Animals Accept Captivity" contains so much that is depressing and heart-breaking it might well have been omitted in this connection. Most people enjoy and find profit in a well kept zoological garden but there are some whom Dr. Hornaday calls "sentimentalists" who strongly object to wild animals being kept in captivity and the experiences here related will only serve to confirm them in their opinion.

Part III, "Masterpieces in Wild-Animal Composition," contains four chapters, two of which entitled "Masterpieces of American Taxidermy," are devoted to descriptions and illustrations of selected large groups of mammals and birds in American Museums of Natural History. Dr. Hornaday having played an important part in the assembling and actual construction of some of the earliest and most notable of these so-called "Habitat Groups" can speak with authority and from first-hand knowledge of this subject. A third chapter presents an outline of what has been accomplished in wild-animal photography with brief mention of some of those who have achieved signal success in this difficult branch of nature study. A final chapter is concerned with the historical background, and up-building and present condition of the New York Zoölogical Park of which Dr. Hornaday has been the Director since its inception in 1896.

Union Portraits

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS. By Clarence Edward Macartney. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. E. Robinson

If ever a nation was caught in the severe grip of war with all of its gates wide open and no trained sentinels on hand to guard them, that nation was the United States at the outbreak of the Civil War. Democracy, working through the medium of mass control, waited for the crisis before it began to prepare a possible bar to the débâcle. Such an impression, familiar to many, is deepened by the effect of Dr. Macartney's ten military essays on Lnicoln and his generals. These new Union portraits exhibit the experience which the Civil War president had with Scott, Fremont, Butler, McClellan, Sherman, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Halleck, and Grant. Together they furnish an interesting review of the war on the Union side. Although they introduce no new information, they show a good deal of first-hand industry in gathering up from the most reliable sources available the essential facts of Lincoln's military problems. The crucial factor of these was to find an aggressive commander of the Army of the Potomac with genius enough to sense an advantage and follow it up to a conclusion of the conflict.

But the new government had to learn slowly and expensively the art and the processes of a great war. Lincoln admittedly knew nothing about military technique; but his was the responsibility to the nation for the outcome. The nation itself, too eager for quick results, naïvely failed to understand that its generalship had to be trained in the field of experience and tried out for "the master mind" that Lincoln longed for; it underestimated also the South's fighting spirit and leadership. Dr. Macartney very skilfully leads his reader to see Lincoln's strength and weakness in matters military, as he describes with directness and interesting style of statement the men to whom the president alternately turned, sometimes in hope, at times in desperation, for the headship of his armies. The most interesting and informative side of the volume is the condensed impressions presented of the successive commanders selected to win the war.

General Scott, already at the head of the army when Lincoln reached Washington, was old, infirm, in his dotage, and certain that his fifteen hundred men and two batteries made the capital invulnerable! Fremont, whose western projects had captured the popular imagination, with his *penchant* for military pomp and parade proved unfit to organize an army. Butler, was "arrogant, bombastic, vindictive, even vituperative," with a "strain of coarseness in him." He was "the last of the vituperative politicians." Dr. Macartney vindicates McClellan's plan of campaign to take Richmond, the plan which two years after his dismissal Grant adopted for the capture of Lee's army. Sherman, who served the Union a good turn by persuading Lincoln to appoint Thomas as a brigadier-general, had peculiarities that "sometimes bordered on insubordination," for example, when he refused to obey Lincoln's request that he modify his policy of commandeering all the rolling stock and other supplies of civilians for his march upon Atlanta. The author very properly calls Burnside "Lincoln's one great military blunder."

There is a very just estimate of Hooker, who reorganized with remarkable success the dispirited and sulky army left by Burnside, and had the stage set for beating Lee at Gettysburg at the moment he was displaced by Meade—Meade, who "will be remembered as . . . the man who let his 'golden opportunity' (to capture Lee) escape." Dr. Macartney, agreeing with Chase that Halleck was "good for nothing, and everybody knows it but Lincoln," concludes: "It is quite likely that a century hence some of the men dealt with in this book will be not even names. But of this at least I think we can be sure: Lincoln and Grant belong to history. Their names and fame are secure."

Raymond Escholier, in collaboration with his wife, has just published a new novel. "Quand On Conspire" (Paris: Grasset), which, while it has a political background is a charming portrayal [illegible] al history of a French town th [illegible] al generations. It is a gay [illegible] musing characters and picturesq [illegible] of a provincial past.

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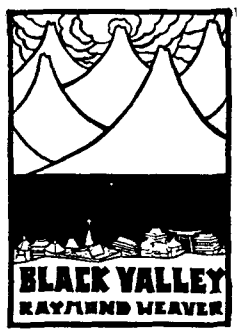

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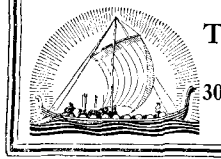

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Foreign Literature

A THEORY OF EDUCATION

ANTHENA FANCIULLA. By G. LOMBARDO-RADICE. Rome.

Reviewed by GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

WRITTEN by the man who directed the Reform of Gentile in the primary schools of Italy, this book is more than a treatise on the education of children. It is in point of fact a study of children by the laboratory method, but it has been done with such a sense of human values that it extends beyond the field of science into that of literature. For children live on its pages, interpreted by one who believes, as the title implies, that the child is the true goddess of wisdom.

The material of which the book is made is a collection of the drawings and writings of numerous small children who have been taught on the principle upon which the reform of 1923 is based. They have not been given themes and subjects for drawing and composition. They have not been taught to think and write alike and to aim at a single standard. The desire to convey an impression has been aroused first of all; a motive for self-expression has been found and the habit formed of using words and design for their fundamental purpose as a sign-language. And instead of submitting their efforts to the praise or blame of a critic, they have been allowed to learn by practice and experience and by closer observation, without restraint, without rules, and without a system; for the plan differs from Montessori's by the rejection of system and of "didactic material." The result is so delightful a presentation of child-literature and art as to warrant the writer's prediction that the day will come when the writings of children illustrated by children will be preferred to most of the Children's Books created by grown-ups trying to think and speak as children.

The most important evidence is that of the writer's own children, not, he would have us believe, because they are exceptional but because he has been able to follow them for a longer period and because they learned in this free and happy manner from infancy. This record of the daily concerns of two little girls and their younger brother from the ages of three to twelve years is incidentally an ideal picture of family life. It is given to the public in order to prove that a child free from adverse criticism and delighting in its own efforts will learn by repeated attempts just as it has learned the spoken language by repeating sounds that are incoherent at first and mean nothing except to itself. These children have been carefully guided by a mother who had been for eight years a teacher in the public schools; there is no advocacy of allowing children to grow up without any training. They have been constantly encouraged and let to an ever closer observation of nature. Well-selected literature has been read to them and they have been surrounded by good pictures. The seed has been sown and the plant given light and air. But it has not been forced or stunted in its growth. The documents speak for themselves. They are the fruits of the spirit of the new education which the writer is trying to instil into the teachers of the country in the belief that it will profoundly affect the national character.

Similar material has been collected in the public schools. One series is from an isolated mountain village where the new plan is in operation. Good literature and good pictures are rare in that village. But the beauty of nature is at hand and the charm of a life lived close to the earth. To read the compositions of the thirty peasant children of that school is to see clearly and understand intimately the everyday life of the village. It is more illuminating than many books on the hill-towns of Italy. To point the contrast, another series of compositions is reproduced from a school whose teacher has caught the letter but not the spirit of the plan. She has taught the children to repeat in words what their school ought to mean to them. They have given back to her what they know she expects, and the result is dry-as-dust verbosity and an appalling insincerity.

This effort to avoid standardization, to "give the child credit," to arouse his interest in his immediate surroundings and lead him to observe with genuine interest the simple facts of his daily existencec, to approach him as a companion and not as one sitting in judgment, to let every impression become a part of himself so that even in retelling a fairy story or in making a copy of a figure of Della Robbia he will not copy literally but will express everything exactly as he sees it, with genuine spontaneity—the aim of all this is much more far-reaching than at first appears. It implies much more than sympathy and understanding on the teacher's part. It is in direct opposition to teaching boys and girls how to "get on in the world." It is based on the conviction that peasants, should remain peasants, delighting in their work, but educated peasants, who have learned contentment and acquired freedom of spirit. Its ideal is the cultured individual who retains the simplicity of childhood, a cultivated society made up of individuals who are as natural and spontaneous as peasants.

While the reform applies chiefly to drawing and composition, it becomes clear that the habit of exact expression with a vital motive, especially the habit of drawing before the child has learned to read and write, is not only the corrective of verbosity—teaching him not to use words without a clear concept behind them—but develops the power of observation to such an extent that every branch of later study profits thereby—science and mathematics, Greek and Latin, as well as creative art. One of our leading American painters has said: "At the present time we have come to the point of discovering our eyes." One thinks, too, of Keyserling's statement that he who could accurately observe the universe could recreate it. When you perceive with what a sense of joy and freedom and with what fidelity to fact these children have learned to express themselves you find yourself sharing the optimism of the writer who looks forward to the time when hypocrisy shall give way to sincerity and false incentives to respect for the truth. Whoever, he says, maintains intact the spontaneity of a child is the founder of a new civilization.

Psychology and the laws of heredity are not disregarded by this idealist; he contends that they confirm his theory. On the practical side he puts a heavy responsibility upon the teacher, who must not, as Montessori counsels, efface himself but must be capable of inspiring the child with his own spontaneity. The child will take the tone of the teacher, so that personality becomes all-important, and the ideal teacher will be nothing less than an ideal human being of mature wisdom and the heart of a child.

It is a curious fact that a theory of education which aims at the freedom of the individual should have been put into effect under the Mussolini government. And although both Gentile and Lombardo-Radice have resigned their positions, the reform continues without interruption. It has found in professor Lombardo-Radice an advocate who is inspired by a great faith and one whose fine perceptions and clarity of style are strong arguments for his clarity of vision.

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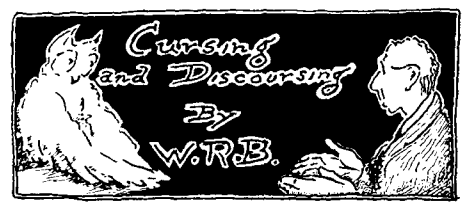

WELL, we have our new heading for this column of ours, having draughted it ourself! If it appears a little skewgee, why we dashed it off free-hand, just like that! It may not be an awfully good likeness of us, but it is, at least, an excellent likeness of the Bird, our Familiar.

The holidays nearly ruined us. We attended so many parties and met so many people that we are planning stealing away incognito for a long rest on a desert island. But probably by the time you read this we shall have fully recovered.

One play we saw, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,"—to which we were treated by the generous author of "Pig-Iron." We thought it a fine entertainment. Then, on the evening of New Year's we heard Paul Whiteman's orchestra at Carnegie, and were fascinated by what one might call the onomatopoetic effects of Deems Taylor's "Circus Day." We were disappointed, however, in Gershwin's Harlem operetta, "135th Street." It seemed to us a rather pithless take-off on Italian opera. Tremendous possibilities, it seems to us, lie in true negro opera—possibilities that may be realized in the future. And certainly Gershwin is no mean musician. But "135th Street," for all that, does not step off in quite the right direction.

Later, at the Town Hall, we spent a glorious evening listening to Paul Robeson's wonderful, haunting singing of negro spirituals, and, after the performance, found Mr. Robeson most interesting to talk to. He and his accompanist, Mr. Laurence Brown, are a marvelous team. They complement each other perfectly. Mr. Robeson is naturally, at present, rather torn between the stage and the concert-hall. His most perfect self-expression is in his singing, though, as anyone who witnessed "All God's Chillun Got Wings" can testify, he is a powerful emotional actor. He is fortunate in being aided in his career by the intelligence of Mrs. Robeson. Rarely in one evening have we talked to two people so natural, modest, responsive, and sensitive to artistic things.

We took great pleasure also, on the following Thursday, in hearing Julius Bledsoe's fine barytone and the accompaniments of James Walker. Mr. Charles Boni, Jr., of Albert and Charles Boni, publishers of R. Emmet Kennedy's "Mellows," gave us this opportunity. Mr. Bledsoe's recital took place at "The 66 Fifth Avenue Playhouse." It was another gala evening.

This distinguished negro singing has so far made the winter most memorable for us. We have heard Mr. Robeson, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Bledsoe before, at Carl Van Vechten's and at Heywood Broun's. Our knowledge of the negro spirituals has been greatly enlarged. And the more we know of them the more beautiful and moving we feel many of them to be. Where else in the range of music have such spiritual fire, inspired fantasticality, and striking poetic phrase merged in powerful rhythms?

Later in the evening upon which we conversed with Robeson we listened to Mr. Orage of *The New Age* talk of the late Katherine Mansfield. It was a remarkable experience. And we sat up another evening with John Howard Lawson, who has just finished a new play, discussing prohibition and politics. On still another evening a remark of Inez Haynes Irwin's recalled to our mind that now almost-forgotten Coast poet, Nora May French, and we listened for long to Mrs. Irwin's account of this beautiful and fated lyrist.

So the taxicabs have ticked merrily, the hospitable doors have opened upon gracious and convivial gatherings, the talk has run on and on. One evening, at Carl Van Doren's, being exhilarated by the sprightliness of Will Cuppy, or some other cuppy that cheers, we launched into a long tirade upon literature, in which we found W. E. Woodward, the debunking expert, practically our sole supporter. Later upon this same evening we made a socialistic speech, discovering in ourselves sudden all-unapprehended springs of radicalism. Yes, our hosts have had something to forgive!

It has certainly been a happy new year!

And there were several egg-nogs.

We have also spent several quiet evenings at home—reading belatedly "The Sailor's Return," and Henry Beston's "Book of Gallant Vagabonds," with the gorgeous account of Thomas Morton of Merrymount, that vivid Elizabethan cast on the stony breast of New England, where he raised a Maypole for the Indians.

And, withal, we have offered up many a prayer of thanks for many genial friends, many as genial books, and a fairly sturdy constitution.

New York is a vast storehouse of infinite artistic riches. The opportunities to see remarkable pictures, hear remarkable music, read remarkable books, witness remarkable plays, are many and dazzling. Even to the retiring and comparatively poverty-stricken. And New York nights are enchanted nights. We doubt very much whether there are pleasanter parties in any other city in the world. There is no unusual scintillation of wit, perhaps, no very remarkable remarks—that is, as a general rule. But there are a great many interesting people, a great many interesting drinks, and a great many topics of conversation.

Babylon, our Babylon! We are becoming quite cockney. And we have discovered Bunn's California Cafeteria, the one reasonable place to eat where a superb array of viands are displayed for your delectation and music soothes your savage breast at lunch-time. Also, what a breakfast you can get there, if you happen to be flush!

We have our own New York novel to write. We must write it sometime. It will not be profound. But it could be full of a number of things. The trouble about New York is, that it is so devilish hard to write about when there is so much to experience in it. No two days are quite the same. And people are so generously always asking you out.

Well, we have now spent a good many years in this quite insane city. We have accumulated variegated memories of many parts of it. There were years when our beat was Union Square, years when we commuted to Long Island and worked on Fourth Avenue, months when we lived over in Old Chelsea, the early days when we roomed on Vannest Place in the middle of Charles Street. A year near Gramercy Park. The present inhabitancy of Bank Street, down where all the streets go crazy and criss-cross each other. There was the time when we commuted to Westchester, and the time when we commuted to Connecticut. We have ridden on all the Els, Subways, and Surface cars. We have worked downtown under the shadow of the Woolworth Tower and uptown nigh to Times Square. And yet we feel that we are just barely beginning to know the big town.

Thus, in sentimental reminiscence, we have forgotten to cuss anything this week in this column. Which is all because our friends have entertained us so well this new year, as we tremble upon the verge of being forty. Perhaps we had better retire after all and write our reminiscences. For we are certainly getting very aged.

But just possibly there is life in the old dog yet!

W. R. B.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the current issue have been received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

LIBER DE MIRACULIS MARIAE. Edited by THOMAS FREDERICK CRANE. Oxford University Press. 1925. $2.50.

In 1924 Professor Crane of Cornell turned eighty. To celebrate the anniversary, he has edited a collection of Latin stories first published in 1731 by Bernard Pez, but immediately suppressed. It is one of the curiosities of scholarship that the tales in this rare volume should have become the foundation for some of the most important studies in the history of mediæval exemplary literature; and it is equally curious that they have never before been reprinted in their entirety. Professor Crane has therefore done a piece of work that much needed doing. It is almost an impertinence to say that his edition is admirable, since Professor Crane has been dealing authoritatively with popular tales and ecclesiastical stories for some fifty years. To few men, however, is it given to publish when past eighty so important a work in their chosen field of study. What is more, he is a rare scholar who shows at any age so wide an erudition without a trace of pedantry or parade.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN. Edited by KARL POMEROY HARRINGTON. Boston: Allyn and Bacon. 1925. $2.80.

It is a happy sign of the times that books of and about mediæval Latin begin to multiply. This new volume of selections has excellent competitors, notably Professor Beeson's "Primer of Mediæval Latin;" but it is by no means superfluous, since it contains extracts—and very generous extracts—from authors ranging through some thirteen centuries, many of whom are not easily accessible to the general reader. Professor Harrington has done his work well, and deserves the thanks of the rapidly increasing number of lovers of good literature who refuse to admit that Latin became a dead language by the fourth century of our era. Anyone who can read Latin at all has only to work through such a book as this to be assured that Latin was indeed alive until John Milton's day at least. Mr. Harrington has wisely not set himself strict limits in time: once in a way it is a delightful thing to have Erasmus and Dante and Bede and Sulpicius Severus between the same covers.

Drama

TIMOTHEUS, OR THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. Dutton. 1925. $1.

The little volumes of the Today and Tomorrow Series have been so stimulating in their witty or searching approach to their several problems, that it is disappointing to find how pale the ink that carries forward the story of Timotheus's powers. The volume "Thamyris," on the future of poetry, shows that in considering arts the writer is likely to be more cautious than the phophet in science, where the basis is firmer, or the philosophical prognosticator, whose fancy need not be tied to earth at all. But as an oracle Mr. Dobrée seems surest; it is in his constant undercurrent of present-day satire that he himself is drowned. He finds no better jibes than to refer to "the stupider sort of people, such as members of Parliament, wardens of libraries, teachers in science or religion at Public Schools, municipal architects, and so on"; no more striking criticism of the current attitude toward acting than the cry that one cannot tell how good an actress is until one knows *who* she is.

The theatre of the future is more effectively described, as viewed with the air of Wells's Time-Machine. The one purpose of a performance is the stimulation of emotion; scientific progress has made this precise; the government operates the theatres; and wars, loans, campaigns of all sorts (save political, when the theatres are closed) are inaugurated by means of the proper play, setting the desired emotion into action. In addition to the official playhouses, there are penny peepshows—etherealized, scientific, individual booths where one can gather a supply of courage or tenderness or whatnot for a coming interview.

This transformation in theatrical procedure and organization Mr. Dobrée sets in the year 2100; either he is converting a series into a poor jest, or he allows—as history runs—little time (behaviorism being now hardly more than conceived) for the birth of a science and the death of an art.

Education

[illegible] IN EDUCATION. By [illegible] BAGLEY. York, Pa.: The [illegible] Company. 1925.

[illegible] of mental tests and the [illegible] and mental organization [illegible] followed closely in its wake, [illegible] a mechanistic philosophy [illegible] which is neither true to sound [illegible] nor to democratic faith. So Dr. Bagley takes his case. The "fatalistic assumptions" against which he directs his polemic are essentially those of the constancy of the I.Q., that intelligence is fixed by heredity, that at the sixth year it is possible "to separate the sheep from the goats," that at the twelfth year it is safe to predict a child's future on the basis of intelligence level, and that education and environment are relatively unimportant in determining mental age or future achievement.

Deterministic theories of mental measurement, Bagley contends, are the final subterfuge of the avowed intellectual aristocrat. The author presents data to show that intelligence tests now in vogue do not measure native but *acquired* ability, and that it is indefensible therefore, to use them as a criterion in determining the capacities and future possibilites of the child.

The author calls into question the interpretations placed upon data presented to substantitate Nordic superiority and maintains that the level of effective intelligence in any group can be raised through education. He takes pains to assure the reader that he neither questions the fact of inherent individual differences, nor the presence of actual and basic racial differences—that his quarrel is not with the principle of mental measurement itself, but with the interpretations which have too hastily been placed upon results obtained from mental tests.

As a critical survey of tendencies which no doubt are present, the book, with its concise yet simple and animated style, is at once interesting and enlightening. But it is doubtful whether very many of the educators whom he criticises would recognize the extreme position which he attacks.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO READ. By *Paul Klapper*. Appleton.

UNDERSTUDYING OUR CHILDREN. By *Frederick Pierce*. Dutton. $2.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF SECONDARY EDUCATION. By *John Addison Clement*. Century. $2.50.

CHILDREN'S READING. By *Lewis M. Terman* and *Margaret Lima*. Appleton. $2.

EASY-LATIN. By *Jared W. Scudder*. Allyn & Bacon. $1.25.

SPEECH CORRECTION. By *Richard C. Borden* and *Alvin C. Busse*. Crofts. $3.50.

GERMAN GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By *Edward Franklin Hauch*. Oxford University Press. 95 cents.

SPIRITUAL VALVES IN ADULT EDUCATION. By *Basil A. Yeaxlee*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $8.75.

RIQUET. Selected and adapted from the works of *Anatole France*, by *V. F. Boyson*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

Fiction

MATRIX. By MELVIN P. LEVY. Seltzer. 1925. $2.

The pattern of "Matrix" is modern and sometimes lyrical, suggesting in its earlier portions Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Without any great originality or penetration it tells of the formative years in a boy's life, with their encounters, discoveries, and revolts until he definitely accepts the mold that is to shape him thereafter. The book is youthful, but not an outstanding expression of youth. It is the work of an intelligent young writer, but not of an efficient novelist, for it has no compactness or drama, no form to its plot or individuality to its characterization. Robert McKim is not real, and Mr. Levy's trick of calling him "the boy" only the more devitalizes him into any sensitive young fellow who ever grew up. More like a poet than a novelist, Mr. Levy has merely translated into language certain stages of feeling and thought, certain recognisable moods. The language itself has the virtues of good poetry rather than of good prose.

29 LOVE STORIES. Edited by ERNEST RHYS and C. A. DAWSON-SCOTT. Appleton. 1925. $2.50.

These stories are wide in range and highly dissimilar in the extent and quality of their love *motif*. This is really for their advantage, for if it is stretching a point to regard some of them are essentially love stories, at the same time they offer a variety of reading which is vital to the success of an anthology. Some of the stories are very undistinguished, others very good; some are intense, others light; a good many are modern, but a fair number are taken from older authors and go back as far as the Bible, Malory, Boccaccio, and "The Arabian Nights." Many famous writers are included, and sometimes represented by splendidly chosen stories, as is Katherine Mansfield with "The Singing Lesson" and Henry James with the engrossing but rather neglected "The Way It Came." In the case of other famous people, the choice is unfortunate and far-fetched: unless for its name, why include Maupassant's "Love" when a dozen finer love stories, "Happiness" in great particular, could replace it? or why, out of his unlimited assortment, include as a love story O. Henry's "The Brief Debut of Tildy"? The authors supplement their prose selections with one poem, "Clerk Saunders," which they characterize as "the finest love story ever told in verse," a judgment with which it is difficult to agree. As a whole, "29 Love Stories" has the respectable if not lofty merit of being readable, and the additional virtue of offering uncommon rather than overworked material.

THE LOUGHSIDERS. By SHAN F. BULLOCK. Dial Press. 1925.

"The Loughsiders" is saved from unimportance by undertones of warm humanity and acute understanding, and from mediocrity by its apt delineation of character and its frequent mastery of idiom. Superficially Mr. Bullock tells the simple chronicle of a Protestant community in the North of Ireland. His people appear to be an isolated type without much universal significance. Yet one leaves them conscious of more even than their peculiar humanity, with its freshness and homeliness. As an American, one begins by finding them full of the pungent flavor of their speech, and largely attractive because they are different from the world at large; but even as an American, one is likely to end by appreciating the high degree of their actuality.

For judging them even from an alien's standpoint, once you grasp that in spite of his humor Mr. Bullock aims at more than provincial comedy, you perceive undertones and connotations to the story of their daily life, you perceive, by contrast with this generally humdrum level, an added meaning to their frustrations, their revolts, their crises of emotion. Once more, to a certain point, you are shown a macrocosm in a microcosm. The principal characters, a family called Nixon, run the gamut in their diminutive way of all the average problems and misfortunes of life. At first well-off and independent, they go down in the world beginning with the death of the paterfamilias, and their incidental weaknesses become more formidable than their general strength. Misfortune breeds the usual emotions, proves the usual corrective, causes the usual mutations of character.

The Nixons find their salvation in Richard Jebb, a middle-aged neighbor who had been the best friend of their husband and father. His relationship with them is a sophisticated complication to the soberly naive record of their fortunes. His complex nature, plotted with pains and skills, leaves no doubt as to Mr. Bullock's serious intentions, and gives the book an obvious worldly angle. Canny, clever, perspicuous, rankling under Rachel Nixon's rejection of his suit when her father was still properous, he forces himself to be generous for the subtle gratifications of the effort, and rounds up the strayed Nixon destinies at the command of a code whose meaning is beyond every one but himself. But even the happy, almost sentimental ending means an end to the old order, a definite end to the family life of the Nixons.

There is no irony implicit in the book, there are no hidden surfaces; it is significant in truth and humanity only because it stands upon foundations of truth and humanity. It is the plain story, not ostensibly but actually, of a group of Loughsiders leading a very particular and limited sort of life. But they are people who live, and reality is not relative but absolute; and they are people, however wanting in *joie de vivre*, however sober and self-contained, whose lives are pervaded by humanity. The flavorsome idiom they speak, finely caught by Mr. Bullock, stamps them as Loughsiders; it is what they think and feel beneath this speech, what they refrain from expressing, that gives them a more universal being.

JERICHO SANDS. By *Mary Borden*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

SLEEPING DOGS. By *Mary Barnes-Grundy*. Stokes.

THE CANNING WONDER. By *Arthur Machen*. Knopf. $3.50 net.

RACHEL MAHR. By *Morley Roberts*. Knopf. $3 net.

TALES OF THE PAMPAS. By *W. H. Hudson*. Knopf.

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD. By *Barrett H. Clark* and *Maxim Lieber*. McBride. $5 net.

FERANDE. By *W. B. Maxwell*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

MUSTY CORN. By *Denny Culbert*. Dorrance. $2.

A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY. By *Ethel M. Dell*. Putnam. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

History

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND, 1066-1874. By *Charlotte M. Waters*. Oxford University Press. $2.25 net.

CHINA AND THE WEST. By *W. E. Soothill*. Oxford University Press. $3.50 net.

THE PIONEERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By *M. Ronstan*. Translated by *Frederic Whyte*. Little, Brown.

OLYMPIA: ITS HISTORY AND ITS REMAINS. By *E. Norman Gardiner*. Oxford University Press.

AN OUTLINE OF MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By *H. L. Hoskins*. Doubleday, Page.

International

THE DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES. By R. B. MOWAT. New York: Longmans, Green. 1925. $5.50.

In less than 400 pages, Mr. Mowat sketches the chief phases of his subject from the end of the War of Independence until the opening of the World War. It is a useful and on the whole a readable outline of a topic which, through the publication of monographs, is becoming of some importance in historiography. The book gives the impression of having been written largely to explain the American conduct of foreign relations to a British reader. In parts it is perhaps a little too careful to emphasize the American point of view, and it avoids criticism in several instances where it might justifiably have been made. American readers would doubtless have been glad to receive a rather more complete explanation of the British side. Professor Mowat necessarily depends upon biography as a chief source for the latter portion of his work, which accordingly can hardly be regarded as definitive, but the book as a whole is one which needed to be written, and it has been well written.

LABOUR AND NATIONALISM IN IRELAND. By *J. Dunsmore Clarkson*. Longmans, Green.

AMERICAN FOREIGN INVESTMENTS. By *Robert W. Dunn*. Viking Press. $5.

Miscellaneous

ENGLISH GARDENS. By H. AVRAY TIPPIN. Scribners. 1925. $25.

Lovers of the charming English Gardens should own and study this beautiful book of fifty-two English Gardens. The introduction is an excellent statement of the history of English Gardens and the position which the author claims for "the English of today" as holding the first place in the world as "producers and maintainers of the 'Garden of Pleasure'." The illustrations are so numerous that one feels distracted somewhat by their multiplicity. To those of us, though, who love the informal English garden, the illustrations of "Gravetye Manor, Sussex," and "Munstead Wood, Surrey," the creations of Mr. Robinson and Miss Jekyll, who are the leaders in the movement for the informal style of modern English gardens, make an especial appeal.

REST WORKING. By GERALD STANLEY LEE. Northampton, Mass.: The Coördination Guild. 1925. $2.50.

In this chatty, often tedious, yet somewhat suggestive and descriptive volume, the author presents problems of general interest on the side of efficiency and energy conservation. His observations and discussions relative to the facts of self-control and body-mind relation have a persuasive quality well calculated to carry conviction with the reader. Emphasis is given to the importance of posture in reclining, sitting, walking, and standing, with accounts of how these supposedly effect glandular balance, and the need of avoiding positions which result in unnecessary innervations and strain sensations. On these and other points, however, he is not explicit and leaves too much to be inferred by the unwary reader. The popularized rendition of the effects of glandular secretion is at its best in this book. The cause of maladjustment, if not in lack of gland balance, is to be sought in lack of body balance, or in soul and body balance. When a drive, idealistic or otherwise, fails to materialize it is because of a lack of organic balance between the resources of the body and the aspirations of the mind. Woodrow Wilson is presented as an outstanding example of a tremendous idealistic drive failing to capitalize on just such grounds.

THE CONTROL OF THE BREATH. By *George Dodds* and *James Dunlop Lickley*. Oxford University Press. $2.

CENTURY OF MISSOURI MUSIC. By *Ernst C. Krohn*. Saint Louis: Privately printed.

RETOUCHING AND FINISHING FOR PHOTOGRAPHS. By *J. Spencer Adamson*. Pitman. $1.25.

A HANDBOOK FOR BAKERS. By *A. F. Gerhard*. Century. $5.

A REGISTER OF BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE. By *Clark Sutherland Northrup*. Yale University Press. $5.

THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK. Fourth Series. Simon & Schuster. $1.35.

THE LIVING TOUCH IN MUSIC AND EDUCATION. By *H. Ernest Hunt*. Dutton. $2.

Pamphlets

THE ROMAN VILLA AT BIGNOR, SUSSEX. By *S. E. Winbolt*. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

GREAT CIRCLE SAILING. By *L. M. Berkeley*. White Book and Supply Company. 16 West 91st Street, New York City.

THE APPRECIATION OF SCULPTURE. By *Eric Maclagan*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

A SHAKESPEARE REFERENCE LIBRARY. By *Sir Sidney Lee* and *Sir Edmund Chambers*. Second Edition. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN ST. LOUIS: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH. By *Ernest C. Krohn*. St. Louis: Music Teachers' National Association. 25 cents.

THE VEGETATION OF THE CHICAGO REGION. By *George D. Fuller*. University of Chicago Press

FRONTIERS OF KNOWLEDGE. By *Jesse Lee Bennett*. American Library Association.

STEVENSON AT MONTEREY. By *Viola Price Franklin*. Salem, Oregon: Statesmen Publishing Co.

Philosophy

MAN THE PUPPET. By ABRAM LIPSKY. Frank-Maurice. 1925. $2.50.

Abram Lipsky's book on "the art of controlling minds" is in a class with the rapidly accumulating literature presenting man in his primary motivation as coerced by the mechanism of his own mind—his instincts and emotions, which are artfully taken account of by those commercially interested and by leaders of religious, social, and political institutions. Thus, the school, the pulpit, the newspaper, the salesman, the advertiser—all have a particular art and technique by which they influence the minds of other people. The book is very readable and what it lacks in critical analysis it compensates for by a versatile array of descriptive evidence.

MAN: HIS MAKING AND UNMAKING. By E. BOYD BARRETT. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. $2.50.

With many writers, popular and otherwise, the term "New Psychology" has recently sprung into vogue. Different interpretations are given to this "newness," but usually one finds little which does not occur in clearer and more accurate form in the standard works on the subject. For his "New Psychology" Barrett suggests "Humanology" as a better characterization of a science which by its very nature must deal with the living, acting individual, not as a composite of body, mind, and soul, but as a single inseparable unit. He outlines a picture of human activity which is characteristically neither Freudian nor mechanistic, neither burdened with distinct soul-entities nor (contrary to the fashion) with endocrine glands. As a simple and popular exposition of some of the essential fact of mental therapy drawn from the fields of general and abnormal psychology the book contains wholesome information for the average reader.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HUMAN SOCIETY. By CHARLES A. ELLWOOD. Appleton. 1925. $3.

Sociology is defined by Ellwood as the science of the "origin, development, structure, and functioning of social groups." But it is culture and habit, not instinct, which must be the main concern of the sociologist. The author considers it a "serious blunder" to study human institutions from the standpoint of the individual or "the mechanism of the human mind—since group behavior—is far more a historical and cultured product than a product of original human nature." The weakness of his position is clear if one asks *whence* these historical and cultural factors if *not* in original nature and the requirements of individual life.

Departure is taken from the usual account of social customs in terms of instinct. Social institutions, he asserts, are simply social habits which have been systematized, instituted, or established by groups—they are "habitual ways of living together which have been sanctioned, systematized, and established by the authority of communities." The book is replete with such vague and descriptive characterizations which make it a disappointment to the analytical student, however entertaining it may be in other respects.

MIND AND ITS PLACE IN NATURE. By *Durant Drake*. Macmillan. $2.

PSYCHOLOGICAL HEALING. By *Pierre Janet*. Macmillan. 2 vols. $14 the set.

A THEORY OF DIRECT REALISM. By *J. E. Turner*. Macmillan.

PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS OF HENRY MORE. Edited by *Flora Isabel Mackinnon*. Oxford University Press. $3.50 net.

THE MASTER AND THE MODERN SPIRIT. By *Lewis C. Strang*. New York: Roland Publishing Co.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By *Warner Fite*. Dial. $4.

SYMBOLISM AND TRUTH. By *Ralph M. Eaton*. Harvard University Press. $4.

SLAVERY TO MASTERY. Compiled and copyrighted by *Herschel E. Wilkenson*, Detroit, Mich. Published by The Windisch Co., Detroit, Mich.

THE PLATONISM OF JOACHIM DU BELLAY. By *Robert V. Merrill*. University of Chicago Press.

MIND: ITS ORIGIN AND GOAL. By *George Barton Cutter*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

MAN: HIS MAKING AND UNMAKING. By *E. Boyd Barrett*. Seltzer. $2.50.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. By *Dr. W. Windelband*. Scribners. $2.50.

Poetry

THE POETRY CURE. Compounded by ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.50.

Mr. Schauffler's "pocket medicine chest of verse" is an anthology with a purpose justified in his entertaining preface. His bottles and pills are so many poems arranged to help remedy certain ills, notably insomnia, sluggish blood, torpid imagination, hardening of the heart, and impatience. Two slight, ungrateful objections may be mentioned: the first, that it is sometimes difficult to understand exactly why particular poems have been included under one heading rather than another. Mr. Schauffler anticipates this complaint to some extent in his explanations.

Still it is hard to know why such a poem as Mr. Yeats "When I am old and grey and full of sleep" should be included under "Poems of Cheer" and there are various other instances. The second is that the proportion of poems by living authors looms rather too large in the scope of the book. On the other hand Mr. Schauffler is not afraid of his own excellent taste. Not many modern anthologists have been bold enough to give a *cachet* to such things as "So many Gods, so many Creeds," one of the few good poems by the late Mrs. Wilcox. He makes room too for many a poem whose familiarity has helped to breed contempt these many years. These things reveal an eclectic taste rare today among anthologists, as witness again the inclusion of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," one of his best troves under the heading "Poems of High Voltage." It is obvious, too, that Mr. Schauffler has not flung his poems hastily together and it did not need his assurance that the compilation has covered a period of some fourteen years to make this fact plain. Furthermore it will not be easy to exhaust his "cure." His volume is large enough as well as good enough to outlast repeated readings. We welcome and recommend it to everybody who likes a garland of really mixed flowers.

THIS WAKING HOUR. By *Leon Serabian Herald*. Seltzer. $1.75.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SCANDINAVIAN VERSE. Chosen by *Sir Edmund Gosse* and *W. A. Craigie*. Oxford University Press. $3.75 net.

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE, 1925 AND YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY. By *William Stanley Braithwaite*. Brimmer. $3.

EPISODES AND EPISTLES. Poems by *W. L. Seltzer*. $1.75.

SELECTIONS FROM JOHN MILTON. Edited by *Martin W. Sampson*. Crofts. $1.

POEMS. By *Mabel Simpson*. Vinal.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SCANDINAVIAN VERSE. Chosen by *Sir Edmund Gosse*. Oxford University Press. $3.75 net.

CAROLYN WELLS' BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Putnams.

FRAGMENTS OF THE LYRICAL POEMS OF SAPPHO. Edited by *Edgar Lobel*. Oxford University Press. $7.

THROUGH ONE WINDOW. By *Robert Hampton, Jr.* Philadelphia: Dell.

Religion

THE MASTER OF THE MODERN SPIRIT. By LEWIS C. STRANG. New York: Roland Publishing Co. 1925. $3.50.

Mr. Lewis C. Strang, author of "Golf and Business," here plays at that other favorite pastime of the tired business man—explaining the ideals of Jesus to his neighbors. Mr. Strang's form is not good—his drive is slow and his get-away sluggish—but occasionally he does send the ball flying somewhere near the green. The book is devoted to a free, very free, interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount. Sometimes, as in the endeavor to bring the words attributed to Jesus into harmony with modern divorce practices, the argument is too fine-spun to be anything more than an amusing example of skilful casuistry. On the whole, however, the exegesis shows both candor and insight. The central theme of the book is the superiority of personal to communal morality, which Mr. Strang not unreasonably regards as the central theme in the ethical teachings of Jesus.

THE RULE OF ST. BENEDICT. Translated by *Cardinal Gasquet*. Oxford University Press. $1.85 net.

Travel

THINGS SEEN IN SWITZERLAND IN WINTER. By C. W. DOMVILLE FIFE. Dutton. 1925. $1.50.

THINGS SEEN IN EDINBURGH. By E. GRIERSON. The same.

THINGS SEEN IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By A. GOODRICH-FREER. The same.

There is something about a small book which awakens friendly interest, especially when the miniature volume is neatly bound and filled from cover to cover with pencil drawings and half-tones. The "Things Seen" series now embraces nearly twenty titles and the three new volumes materially strengthen the list.

The books fit comfortably into the pocket of one who takes his sight-seeing afoot and, being printed on lightweight English paper, are scarcely noticed when slipped into a bag or satchel. These volumes—and the same cannot be said for all travel books—should accompany the traveller. They do not render Baedeker indispensable, but serve rather to fill in the cracks and crevices and furnish a background against which more detailed reading may be projected. They contain much of interest as well for the fireside tripper and the illustrations themselves are sufficient to gladden the heart of one who must voyage vicariously.

"Switzerland in Winter" is the most distinctive volume of the three, the seasons being differentiated in none of the others. The author, a well-known authority on Central and South America, appears in this series for the first time. We hope that the volume is to be followed by a book on Switzerland in summer for this pinnacle of Europe's playground changes with the suns and has its moments in summer as well as in winter. San Moritz, for instance, presents one picture in July and another in December, and summer breezes make it no less enchanting than winter snows. At one season, it is a fragrant flower-strewn paradise into which an occasional tourist strays; at another, a frozen sheet of ice and snow where the sophisticated folk of all nations take their sport. The bulk of the volume is devoted to the Bernese Oberland, the Montreaux Oberland, and the Engadine, with chapters relating to travel routes, winter sports, alpine guides, health resorts, and "house-parties above the clouds." Mr. Domville-Fife has caught the invigorating Alpine freshness of the country and his offering to the reader proves a veritable stimulant.

E. Grierson and A. Goodrich-Freer have both appeared in the series before, the former as author of "Florence" and the latter, "Palestine." The Edinburgh volume abounds in historical reference and description yet one would not have it otherwise. Edinburgh is not like Rome—one city superimposed upon another. Its past and its present are both in the same plane, woven together for all time. The author here and there unravels certain strands and carries them back to their beginnings, showing us how the pattern grew until the fabric reached its present dimensions.

Mrs. Goodrich-Freer, without forgetting mosques and churches and mausoleums, stresses the life and ways of the people of this picturesque outpost of the Orient. The Turk impresses her as the most interesting of the "things seen" in Turkey, and for one with a sociological turn of mind there are few better equipped laboratories than Constantinople. Hence we have a result which shows scientific study as well as alert observation.

ARGONAUTS OF THE SOUTH. By CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY. Putnam. 1925. $7.50.

A handsome book, illustrated by beautiful and striking photographs, is this work of Captain Frank Hurley. It is a story somewhat familiar through the narratives of Shackleton and Wild. But this familiarity is no drawback to the reading of Hurley's narrative. If one is familiar with the story of the Antarctic, with Scott, Shackleton, and Amundsen, then nothing more need be said in recommending the reading of this latest book. If not, Captain Hurley is a happy choice for the beginning of such adventures.

As space is limited, run over the chapter heads—"Through The Roaring Forties; The Home of The Penguins; Southward Ho; The Flight From The Magnetic Pole; A Marooning and A Rescue; The Relief of Mawson; The Antarctic Call Again; The Sea of Calamity; In The Grip of The Ice-Pack; Sledge Dog Pals; The Death Of The Ship; Adrift on The Sea Ice; The Escape in The Boats; Land! Land! Land!; Our Life Beneath The Boats."

A book of magnificent adventure, and a satisfying book for the philosopher who speculates on the decadence of man. Here, at least, is set down the simple truth about man's essential nobility when freed from the corrosive acids of civilization. Captain Hurley deserves great credit for his story.

A TOUR IN IRELAND. By *Arthur Young*. Edited by *Constantia Maxwell*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

TWO VAGABONDS IN A FRENCH VILLAGE. By *Jan* and *Cora Gordon*. McBride. $5 net.

LET'S GO TO FLORIDA. By *Ralph Henry Barbous*. Dodds, Mead. $2.

HERE'S IRELAND. By *Harold Speakman*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

FROM RED SEA TO BLUE NILE. By *Rosita Forbes*. Macaulay. $3.50 net.

THE VAST SUDAN. By *A. Radclyffe Dugmore*. Stokes. $4.

AROUND THE WORLD. By *Robert Frothingham*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE. By *Richard Halliburton*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

CITIES OF MANY MEN. By *H. C. Chatfield Taylor*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

(*Continued on page 519*)

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Columbia University Press

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Brief Mention

THIS week we are going to treat some minor poetry exclusively in this column. Perhaps the first book we are going to mention should have been given special notice elsewhere It is "Greek Coins" (Doran: $1.75), by the late *George Cram Cook*, the work of a man notable as the father of the Provincetown Players, "an extraordinary and memorable man" as Floyd Dell calls him in his contribution to the interesting collection of memorabilia that prefaces the volume. Edna Kenton, and Mr. Cook's widow, Susan Glaspell, are the other contributors.

George Cram Cook's fugitive verse, as preserved in this book, is not great in quantity—or quality. But it is extremely interesting in a complete view of the man. Cook, as Dell says, "scattered and spent himself on his companions." He was a Greek born out of his time. He found his own way home. His wife's simple account of his last days in the country he loved is very beautiful and moving. He was "the man for whom Greece was not dead."

"Greek Coins" is a rare book. If it is not great poetry, there is in it a great deal more than meets the casual eye, a great deal of stark and beautiful suggestion. This book is a book that feeds the spirit, both by its account of what the man was and through these fragmentary but intense and profound musings of that man.

Cook's book of poems, imperfect as it is as poetry, necessarily rather dwarfs the other volumes we are examining. But there are some worth comment. Harold Vinal, publisher of poetry, presents "Blind Men," by *A. B. Shiffrin* (Harold Vinal: 13 West 54th Street. $1.50). For his children's verse Don Marquis has called Shiffrin "the American Milne." This writer has also been recognized for his short stories. Here is his answer to Joyce Kilmer's famous poem, "Trees," and a very good answer it is. Here are queer, quirky, nursery-rhimey verses that stab the heart of life. Read "The Suicide" and read "Wisdom" for proof. Here, in the back, are several odd and charming child poems and some Bookshop sonnets. Not a great array, but there is originality present.

"Poems for People," by *Martha Banning Thomas*, published in Boston at the Cedar Tree Press, is dedicated to Grace Hazard Conkling. This book is beautifully made, and among the poems are things delicately lovely and charmingly fantastic. "Long-remembering," for instance—"Glory-Trumpets," the sequence called "Family Life in a Garden"—all these display originality. The sensitiveness that desires to "shut out the fury of the rose," or discerns "mad moon-rain" that "rills and ripples silver-black," and the blue glaze on snow—the instinct that meditates so precisely on "The Other Side"—the fancy that hears "a bumble-bee twanging on a sunbeam"—such notable qualities are here.

Arthur Crew Inman, who wrote "Bubbles of Gold" and "Red Autumn," now draws silhouettes of men in "American Silhouettes" (Dutton. $2). This poet is emerging. He deals more directly with life than before and is possessed of a certain psychological insight. He is more interesting to us as yet for what he has to say than for the style in which he says it. He has not quite found his own idiom.

Amory Hare is a poet whose work has frequently appeared in magazines. Robert Frost has said of her that she has "power to see and touch things." Her "The Olympians" (Dorrance: $1.75), shows what Ellery Sedgwick has called "an instinctive appreciation of earth's beauty," and yet we find no note of great originality in it. Occasionally, however, she strikes a spark. She has given us heretofore "Tossed Coins" and "The Swept Hearth." Even more reminiscent and formal is *Elizabeth White Frothingham*, in "Broken Silences" (Putnam.) And *Emmy Matt Rush's* "My Garden of Roses" (Four Seas) descends frequently to banality.

Anne Robinson died this year. Most of the poems in "The Singing Blue" were written in the last few years of a rather tragic life. The book is published by F. W. Chandler & Son of Brunswick, Maine. It is for Anne Robinson's friends. Her verse is tender and sometimes sprightly.

In "Walls" (privately printed), *Forman Brown* occasionally strikes out something as clever as "Ice-Storm." In "Pilgrimages" (Vinal), *Sydney King Russell* gives us lyrics and sonnets that seem to slide too easily from the mind. Some of *Jay G. Sigmund's* poems in his fourth book, "Drowsy Ones" (Prairie Publishing Company: Cedar Rapids, Iowa), have appeared formerly in *The Midland*, *Voices*, etc. He describes rather arrestingly the land and the life he knows. His is a good workmanlike product, free at least of attitudinizing and artificiality.

We regret that we can find very little merit in *Ernest Hartsock's* "Romance and Stardust" (C. A. A. Parker: Saugus, Mass.), *Walter Hart Blumenthal's* "Winepress" (Vail Ballou Press, 200 Fifth Avenue), *Albert Glanville's* "Three Moods" (privately printed: Chicago), or *J. B. O'Hara's* "Sonnets and Rondels" (Melbourne: Robertson and Mullens).

Some *Miscellaneous* NEW BOOKS

CREATION'S END. By *Louis M. Eilshemius*. The Dreamer's Press, 118 East 57th Street, New York. 50 cents.

HERBERT TRENCH. By *Abel Chevalley*. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

THE ANSWERS TO EVOLUTION AND ITS FALLACY. By *Sidney C. Tapp*. Published by the Author, Box 710, Kansas City, Mo.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

Autobiography. By Fannie Hurst. (Harper).

"The Theory of Poetry." By Lascelles Abercrombie (Harcourt, Brace).

Spanish Towns and People. By Robert Medill McBride (McBride).

S. H. P., Yardley, Pa., asks for advice in choosing a "sufficient and up-to-date dictionary for a family with three growing boys," also advice on books of synonyms, on which matter J. P., Mesa, Arizona, also calls for help.

THE "Desk Standard Dictionary" (Funk & Wagnalls) also called the "High School Standard Dictionary," costs $2.25 indexed, and answers the purpose for ordinary school use: if this is to be an investment of five dollars for a family authority I should be at a loss to choose between the "College Standard" (Funk & Wagnalls) and the largest abridgment of Webster's new international dictionary, "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary," published by Merriam, Springfield, Mass. For a book of synonyms I prefer "Roget's Thesaurus," of which there is a revised edition lately from Crowell, but this may be because I have the hang of it and do not know my way about so well in Allen's "English Synonyms and Antonyms" (Harper), which figured largely in the firstaid kit of crossword victims.

In questions like this I rely largely upon the experience of public libraries, for to all intents and purposes I can say with James Lane Allen (in the preface of his posthumous "The Landmark," just from Macmillan) "in all the years of my writing I have never had a dictionary: I never owned or used books of synonyms." I do own dictionaries in French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Greek, my well-known devotion to Weekley's "Etymological Dictionary" (Dutton) has made even its sturdy back a trifle shaky, and I love to gallop through a borrowed "Concise Oxford" and watch the dear little Americanisms lift their heads only to be firmly squelched under the heel of the King's English. But it was not until this summer that the Oxford University Press removed from my study the stigma of not owning a regular dictionary, by the gift of a "Pocket Oxford." As for Roget, I can't say that I ever found in him the word I wanted—but what fascination in trailing along the line of adjectives and watching the idea fade out or melt in to something else!

Speaking of dictionaries, I have lately found Bessie G. Redfield's "Aid to Rhyme" (Putnam), which seems to me the most rapid in action, and what is important, I suppose, not to impede the afflatus. Fancy holding on to the tail of an inspiration while you ruffle pages back and forward. In Miss Redfield's book I was stupefied to find that there is a rhyme to Vercingetorix. But who wants it?

L. L. E., Muncie, Ind., asks if there is a literary map of England in large size and mounted on a roller for class-room purposes, and if there is also one for America.

SO far as I can learn, the largest one of the British Isles is published by Ginn, and is not more than a foot across, mounted on cardboard. If I were conducting a class I would remind myself that half the fun of a map is in making it, provide myself with the volumes of Everyman's Library containing literary and historical charts and maps for all lands and times, get a good tough sheet of paper large enough to spread out on, and a few bright, clear water-colors, and instead of buying a map on a roller, roll my own. The most treasured of my material possessions—if the house begins to burn, I'll save it before the insurance policy—is the book my daughter made to remind me of the week's walk we took this summer from Winchester by way of Salisbury and Stonehenge and Old Sarum to Andover, and with this goes a map like none other, drawn to scale but marking just the places we had already marked in our minds with white stones. The nearest to such a map is the charming production known as "The Map of Good Stories," a fiction chart of the United States made by Paul Paine and published by the Syracuse Public Library (price $1, so you won't need to ask me). If the Syracusians have been lately receiving orders for this from points at a distance, it may be because I took one on a whirlwind lecture-trip from the Canadian line to the edge of North Carolina and everyone who saw it was enchanted with it. I see that there is a new and much larger one by Dr. Paine, a world map of voyages and adventures traced out in brilliant colors, published by Bowker, N. Y. City. This is a chart of romance for somewhat older readers with much of the appeal of the famous "Mappe of Fairyland," by Bernard Sleigh (Dutton), over which so many children have bent, entranced, as it smiled up at them from under the glassed table-top of the 42nd street library, or of the "All-Mother Goose Panorama," by Luxor Price (Stokes), a newer chart on something the same plan.

There is a new "Historical Geography" of England, just from George Allen Unwin, London, but it is without maps and deals with general conditions—changing institutions from prehistoric to recent times, the age-old battle of sea and land, revolutions in transport, industry and so on, a fascinating little book.

G. L. A., Newark, N. J., asks for books with directions for making or draping costumes for characters in Bible tableaux.

THERE is a chapter on costumes and properties in "How to Produce Plays and Pageants," by Mary M. Russell (Doran), that pays especial attention to the making of Oriental costumes; this book is full of detailed advice on Bible plays and tableaux. "Costuming a Play," by Elizabeth Grimball and Rhea Wells (Century), has pictures showing how to make costumes of all important periods, including Egyptian and Roman, and there is unusually interesting advice on color schemes and historical accuracy of costuming in "Dramatics for School and Community," by Claude Merton Wise (Appleton).

I WONDER why questions about pronunciations have broken out again all over the map? From Massachusetts, Alabama, Iowa, Arkansas, and the District of Columbia, come calls for help on the names of writers. One letter says that these bulletins are posted in the local library, where they produce excitement. Let us therefore heave another chunk of information and watch the ripples spread that Anzia Yezierska is Yez-yer-skya, that Ralph Waldo Trine is in tune with spine and that Konrad Berkovici is Ber-ko-vee-chee. Irving Putnam says that Guedalla "needs no interpretation beyond possibly the accent:" he says it is pronounced as spelled, in three syllables, accent in the middle. Putnam's publication, "18,000 Words Often Mispronounced," makes a specialty of proper names, and Dodd, Mead's "The Pronunciation of 10,000 Proper Names" is a handy guide. But why, I wonder, should I get anxious inquiries from Canada as to the accuracy of my statement that Marcel Proust rhymes with roost? I never heard it any other way, abroad or at home, but it seems that in certain circles in Canada the name has lost its final t. Fabre has a short a and is practically monosyllabic, though says my informant, "none but a Frenchman can put that final r on as it should be. However, the name is not Fabree, as some good middlewesterners sometimes have it." Vachel Lindsay, often asked after, rhymes with Rachel not with satchel; the others most often called for are Strachey (ch as in church), Dunsany (I should have thought that plain enough: first syllable rhymes with bun, second with bay, accent the second), and Maugham (Mawm). I have heard two Irish poets call Deirdre *Deer*-dre, but they softened the ee under their tongues to something with the taste of a in it. One asks "how do you treat the two a's in the name of Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra?" and on the strength of a footnote in Dr. MacLaurin's delightful "Post Mortem" essays (Doran) I reply, pronounce both of them. Albert Guerard, who has just made another of his valuable contributions to understanding between France and America in his "Beyond Hatred" (Scribner), is called Gay-*rard*, but Guerin, a name whose most distinguished bearer in America is the artist Jules Guerin, has become *Gwer-* in, if you may believe "Who's Who." Le Gallienne is lee-*gal*-i-en and Marquand has the sound of q not of k. I cannot, however, vouch for local usage: how should an outsider know, for instance, that if you go from Bethlehem (Pa.) even until Emaus you will have to call it Ee-mouse?

This department is prepared to transfer to competent authority the responsibility of pronouncing names of writers in all languages including the Scandinavian: Ostenso, for an example of the pitfalls of the last-named, is accented on the first syllable instead of the one where you've been putting it.

L. L. M., Hefflin, Ala., who asked for books for a class in the history and appreciation of art, is offered further suggestions by two readers for the list that lately appeared: G. W. P., a valued collaborator from Los Angeles, names Berenson's "Florentine Painters of the Renaissance" and the corresponding volume on "Venetian Painters," saying "here we begin to perceive the principles that underly the appeal of painting;" F. J. Mather's "Estimates in Art," where the studies of El Greco and Goya are especially fine; Kenyon Cox's "The Classic Point of View," "Artist and Public" and "Concerning Painting," "stimulating, full of substance, not a dry sentence in one of them;" "The Appreciation of Art," by Eugene Neuhaus of the University of California," a most valuable book for student or general reader, giving reasoned presentation of the fundamental principles that underly the theory and practice of art. All but Berenson's books on this list are richly illustrated, and it is easy to get cheap but good illustrations for study with Berenson's from the lists of the University Prints. S. N. D., of the Department of Greek, Smith College, adds from his experience as reader and as teacher, these books on Greek art as readable, trustworthy, and not too technical: "History of Greek Art," by F. B. Tarbell (Macmillan) "Principles of Greek Art," by Percy Gardner (Macmillan), "Six Greek Sculptors," by Ernest Gardner (Duckworth, London), and for the list of general books on art two in the new Harper's Fine Arts Series: "History of Architecture," by Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell, and "History of Sculpture," by G. H. Chase and C. R. Post.

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Points of View

In Reply to Mr. Edman

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I have read Mr. Edman's review of my book, "Everyman's Genius," with interest, to find it, like most academic receptions of a new idea, more influenced by the content of the academic mind than by the content of the book. For instance, much of the space is taken up with denials that my treatment of the subject is "science" in any sense in which Mr. Edman understands that term. He does, however, admit that it is "the work of an artist who wishes to help other workers in creation to orient and fulfil themselves." But if he had read the introduction he would have discovered that the book was offered not as science, but as an "aid to the creative process," in almost the words he himself uses. Therefore I do not see why so much valuable space need be taken to prove my work something it specifically disclaims being. What he probably means is that my findings have not been presented in the usual ritual of science.

If Mr. Edman had been more familiar with my other work, he would also have known that I have deliberately refused for myself what is known as the "scientific" presentation, because I believe the merits of such presentation are overrated, even to the point of becoming a specific limitation to free thinking, at least in the United States. The so-called "scientific" method of research, I use in so far as it may be used with a subject not susceptible of laboratory treatment. But anyone who will take the trouble to analyze the current ritual of "scientific" presentation will, I am sure, agree with me that it is largely influenced by the ritual of man's immemorial conflict with man; that it has in it something of the duello, something of the dance, much of characteristic male reaction, and much more of monastic tradition under which lurks an amount of pure "bunk" not surpassed by any other male invention, not even by militarism. My second reason for refusing the "scientific" presentation is that I recognize what many so called scientists or pluggers for the scientific method, fail to recognize, that the conclusions of science are so seldom dependable, so subject to alteration in the light of new knowledge, that scientific presentation of a subject which I have had under observation only about thirty years, scarcely seems worth while. Since "Everyman's Genius" appeared, I have felt justified to some extent in this refusal of the conventional method by the publication of Terman's enormous volume of "Genetic Studies of Genius," consisting of a mass of detailed inquiry into the equipment of a thousand children, assumed to be geniuses on no better evidence that that they measure up to the highest ratio of intelligence by the Terman tests. This sort of science has, no doubt, its value, but it is not sufficiently valuable for me to feel willing to put my time in doing it.

Again your reviewer complains that I do not offer proof for all the assertions I make. I wish he had specifically mentioned two or three such, for my intention and my struggle is to make no assertions that have not been reasonably demonstrated by somebody. If only by myself, I try to make a point of saying so, leaving the reader free to disagree or not. I feel that my obligation is fulfilled, as in the case of "Everyman's Genius," by including a copious bibliography in which discussion of disputed points may be found. But I have found it so often the case that reviewers are unfamiliar with what has been demonstrated by other people, that I suspect Mr Edman of being in similar case. As for my definitions, I had to make them with the utmost care, not to make them define too much that is as yet undefined, since the "scientists" whom Mr. Edman wishes me to imitate are themselves in such hopeless confusion as to terms and definitions. I know that in America the incomplete definite, like the tentative statement, is unpopular with a public in love with ready-made certainties, but a reviewer ought not at one and the same time to complain of my lack of science, and quarrel with my refusal of terms and definitions that say more than I have learned. If Mr. Edman can give a better definition of "Psyche" than mine, it would save all students of psychology much labor. I don't myself know what an individual psyche is, exactly. Does the *Review*?

Finally, your reviewer's other important cause of discontent with my book is that the examples of documentation are not, in his estimate, all geniuses. Neither are they in mine. Nor did I offer them for anything but what they are, examples of the type of original documentation. Some of them are from people of talent, some from people of intellect, a few perhaps, geniuses. Anyone really familiar with the scientific technique of psychological research knows that for every "type case" you have to have at least one "control;" that is to say, a similar study of a case outside the type. In the instancing of Maxwell Aley's teaching notes it should be plain that as Mr. Aley openly disagrees with me, so in the body of the book I as clearly disagree with him. I selected Mr. Aley because I wanted a good example of the way creative writing is taught in colleges, and by inquiry I found that Mr. Aley is liked by his pupils and considered successful in his methods. In justice to Mr. Edman, I should say that practically every reviewer has made this mistake, and has assumed without a word from me, that I am offering these examples as type geniuses, instead of simply type documents. I am aware that if I had used the jargon of "science" and plainly labeled them, A. 1. Genius, B. 2. Talent, C. Control, etc. this misunderstanding would not have occurred. But I have a theory that people ought not to review thoughtful books until they have sufficiently familiarized themselves with the methods and terminology of the subject to be able to recognize them without labels. I fear this is merely a personal conviction without widespread application in the field of book reviewing.

Well, I wish I might have a review of my book by somebody who has spent thirty, preferably thirty-one years, in a personal study of the creative process in the individual. I may not know much about the workings of the creative mind, but in the face of such sweeping condemnation it would be a relief to be referred to somebody who does know. May I suggest that the *Saturday Review* provide its readers with an essay on the subject by someone who has really made a direct, practical study of genius. I for one, would read it with avidity.

MARY AUSTIN

A Divergence

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

May a Canadian whose bosom feels an occasional patriotic throb express a word of astonishment at the literary map of his country drawn by Miss Agnes Laut in the *Saturday Review* of January 2nd? Miss Laut has to her credit many vigorous journalistic achievements, in many directions, but her "Letter from Canada" does not suggest entire competence to speak of Canadian literature. Letters in Canada are in that stage where the chief need is for intelligent critics with a large and cultivated awareness of the European and American past and present, and we have some, such as Professor Edgar, who has surveyed the Canadian scene for the *Saturday Review*. Unhappily there are a good many people, among whom Miss Laut seems to enroll herself, who understand by criticism a torrent of gushing, wrong-headed, uninformed adulation. Miss Laut everywhere reveals her imperfect knowledge of what is meant by poetry in general, and of what is significant in Canadian poetry.

As an example of "a deeper note" in post-war writing Miss Laut mentions Service's "Red Cross Ballads!" In common with other Canadians who have their country's honor at heart I have always been careful to say that Mr. Service was born in England, and that the old land must bear the blame. One might as well see post-war religion in Edgar Guest. Miss Laut says that Dr. A. D. Wasson "is recognized to-day as the Whitman of Canada; and the praise is none too great." Dr. Watson is not recognized as the Whitman of Canada any more than, say, Cale Young Rice is recognized as the Byron of the United States; Dr. Watson merely puts into misty verbiage a yearning to bestow a kiss on the universe.

Miss Laut finds "the other school of poets" —Dr Watson's being the first—led by Mr. Robert Norwood, who is equally unimportant, even locally. His "passion," which once seemed daringly unclerical, has not much more vital warmth than a mica fire. But these two versifiers of sloppy pseudo-religion are, according to Miss Laut, "jolting thought out of old ruts," and they are given nearly two columns as if they represent[illegible]rary Canadian poetry. Allow[illegible]arities, it is as if a sketch of [illegible]etry eulogized Clinton Scollard [illegible]n Markham and mentioned nobo[illegible] any rate Miss Laut has the cou[illegible] encomiums, for she gives sam[illegible] poetic tosh which is, we are to understand, revolutionizing and interpreting Canadian spirit.

This is no place for an account of Canadian poetry as it is, but if an American wants to know what kind of poetry is being written in Canada he might try, among the older reputations, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott. Mr. Scott has real strength and reticence and beauty, far removed from windy dirthyrambs and soap-box humanitarianism. Mr. Carman's gift of song has persisted quite wonderfully, and will not improbably keep a stronger hold on later generations than Mr. Norwood's ideas on the Virgin Birth; but of course his name is familiar in the United States. Of the young men it is too early to prophesy. One might, if one adopted Miss Laut's exuberent manner, call E. J. Pratt the Masefield of Canada but the more one reads of him the more one is content to call him Ned Pratt. However, as I said, this is no place for a chronicle. One can only repeat that Miss Laut's perspective is peculiar, and that Canadian poetry is not quite so bad as her praises suggest.

DOUGLAS BUSH

Cambridge, Mass.

A Reply to Mr Kline

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Tastes differ, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow.

In the main, I agree with John M. Kline of Glasgow, Montana. It is my opinion that we outlanders have a better opportunity to determine our real tastes concerning books and the reviews thereof than the folks who live in towns where there is a decent bookshop and where one can know what is going on in the literary world. It is very logical for publishers to boost their wares and say all kinds of pleasant things in their blurbs but the outlander should not be buncoed by them. For a while, I had the notion that critics were in the employ of the various publishers, but I have come to realize that we all can't agree on the same things and that critics have a right to their opinions as well as I. I have become more tolerant and think if the critics didn't know their business, if they didn't express as opinion worth while, they would lose their jobs.

Sometime ago I was just as interested in, what I believed to be, my wretched taste in books and my lack of literary appreciation as is Mr. Kline. I went so far as to write a letter to one of the most sophisticated mail order libraries, upon which we outlanders must depend, asking if such a thing as a correspondence school in modern criticism had been developed. I stated my case and used several of my pet aversions, just as does Mr. Kline. The reply came that no school had been contemplated so far as the Society knew and the letter went on to tell me about divergent tastes. So I have calmed down and have grown to the realization I can like what I like without fear of embarrassment.

I am not such an omnivorous reader as Mr. Kline, especially as regards work of earlier days but I do read every new book on which I can lay my hands. I am not worried about the fate of American literature. It is in a stage of transition just as is American painting. There is no master on the horizon but the boys and girls are doing better work than are the boys and girls of any other country. First novels are coming out rapidly in these days which augurs well, I think, for broadmindedness on the part of publishers and reader.

I went into the most charming of modern bookshops in Philadelphia, the Centaur, some time ago and asked them to sell me the most representative modern novel. I bought "Antic Hay." It was unintelligible to me. I went back and told the chaps in the bookshop of my experience and asked them why they had sold me the book. One said, "I was perfectly honest. I think 'Antic Hay' is representative." The other said, "I like it and I thought you would." That's what I call criticism. The courage of one's convictions never hurt anyone.

We are in a more or less iconoclastic age. We are trying to find out and discard all our futilities. We are trying to get down to the bed-rock of life. Mr. Kline speaks disparagingly of the historical papers in the *American Mercury*. If he thinks Duffus, Barnes, Cain, Dibble, Nock *et al* are wrong, that they write about our past as to make it look silly, he may be right. I think the truth should be known about our beginnings. If we are worshipping at the shrines of early American Babbitts, isn't it better for us to get a broader, more accurate vision of the true state of affairs?

And in this week's *Review* I find a blank column as Doubleday, Page's ad. It is like the Chinese. It is mourning, in white. All because Leonard Bacon wrote a review of Morley's latest that was not pretty. To my mind, that review is the fairest that has been published in the *Review* for ages. It is dignified but says, "Thumbs down!" I agree with it. Christopher Morley is dead so far as the Morley of "Parnassus on Wheels" and "The Haunted Bookshop" is concerned. I doubt if he will be revived. But I wouldn't quarrel with Mr. Kline or any other reader who would admit liking the book. I could keep my own opinion and they could keep their own. We might even discuss the tome over a seidel of beer.

So long as America can produce such books as Lee Smitt's "Spring Flight," Anne Parrish's "The Perennial Bachelor," Don Passos's "Manhattan Transfer," Goldberg's "The Man Mencken," we need not worry. English writing is perilously bad. That last attempt of Wells is pathetic. The old gods are dying, rather incoherently, but there is a new voice in the land. Critics are doing their best to sift the chaff from the grain and they are doing their work well. Just because opinions differ there is no reason to suppose that any man has justification to believe he is lacking in literary appreciation.

Magazine literature is better than ever. I would place the October *Harper's* and *The Golden Book* for the same month in the first place in the magazine world. No English publication could equal them, at least, they have not. Mr. Kline rubs me the wrong way when he speaks against the *Golden Book*. If ever a man is trying to do his level best for the reading public, he is Lanier. I can't agree with all he publishes but that doesn't prove that he is deficient in literary taste. And God knows, he has enough suggestion. It would worry another man to death. I gather this from his remarkable Talks at the first of each number. The *American Mercury* has become an American institution. Mencken developed the trend of the papers himself and it is his monument. Just because he publishes papers that laugh American mannerisms and follies out of conscience is no reason for dismay. I think it a good sign of health when he can provoke diatribes in Congress and the newsprints about his magazine. And say what Mr. Kline will against it, the *Mercury* is improving the tone of American letters. The *Saturday Review* is working hard to get honest opinions concerning literary things to its readers. I am confident that it will be a long, long time before it is equalled in dignity, poise, and intelligence. That I do not agree with all the reviews is neither here nor there. It tells the truth as it sees it, and hit's the bull's-eye most of the time.

So I say to Mr. Kline, have no fear. The outlanders are with you. You like the chortles of an earlier day. Humor was never much in evidence in American literature. That lack is a weak place in it. But when one reads the younger men and women, L. M. Hussey, Ed. Shenton, Ruth Suckow, Mark Van Doren, the Benéts, Cullen, *et al* one can see the trend toward excellence. There is a star of excellence that is being watched, and is guiding, countless American youths who write. They will satisfy their own ideas of success and they will win their readers.

In parting, Mr. Kline, let me say that you are to be cherished for your keen analysis but you are far from lacking in literary appreciation.

N. D. MARBAKER

An Irate Subscriber

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

As a charter subscriber to the *Saturday Review*, I wish to enter a protest to your sidestep from the supposed purpose of the magazine—literature—to another purpose—that of anti-Eighteenth Amendment propaganda, as per your article in last week's issue. If there are any laws in these United States which are persistently obeyed and that, too, by the same strata of society as the one to which you refer as being one of importance, they are the speed laws.

Yet, strange to say, we do not hear you or your friend (in the cause of liquor) Mr. Martin of *Harper's* raising any hue and cry over this condition.

To an innocent bystander, one who contends that adherence to the tenets of the Eighteenth Amendment neither makes life drab or curtails liberty, the term which you and your ilk use—personal liberty—in your tirades would be nearer the truth if it were changed to the term "personal appetite."

Now—print this letter in your magazine if you dare; it has just as proper a place in your columns as had your article which shone forth on the first page of the issue of last week.

A former admirer—a present irate subscriber.

JESSIE G. BECKMAN

Monrovia, Calif.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

TIMOTHY COLE: WOOD ENGRAVER

"THE Wood Engraved Work of Timothy Cole," by Ralph Clifton Smith, of the Division of Graphic Arts of the United States National Museum, Washington, has 53 prints and three original blocks. The Department of Prints of the New York Public Library has 243 prints, and it has 31 make-up proofs on India paper in the T. G. Sugden collection. The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has 300 prints. The Cleveland Museum of Art has 50 prints and two original wood blocks. The Art Institute of Chicago has 55 prints. Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, has 39 prints and one original wood block. There are more than 400 prints in the collection of Henry Martin Rose of Washington, who has one of the largest private collections of Cole's work in the country. The Art Gallery of Toronto has 48 prints. The Metropolitan Museum of New York has 11 prints, 48 signed proofs, and one wood block engraved in intaglio as an experiment.

From the foregoing it is clear that Mr. Cole's engraving is popular with the collectors and museums. This work of Mr. Smith's is well calculated to give just the information, biographically and bibliographically, which the collector needs and it is put in a form that is going to awaken enthusiasm. It is bound to start many new collectors and add to the perseverance of many who have long been collecting Cole's best work.

Robert Underwood Johnson contributes a "Foreword" and points out that the centennial exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1876 was followed by a memorable development in the arts and industries of the Republic. This was conspicuously the case with wood engraving and the new movement included a large number of artists whose talents were promptly recognized and several of whose genius has shed fame on American craftsmanship. An important influence in promoting this renaissance was the group of younger men who controlled the *Century Magazine* and among whom Richard Watson Gilder and Alexander Wilson Drake were the leaders. Mr. Drake has been justly called the "father of American wood engraving," his influence having been supreme. His efforts were largely aided by Theodore Low DeVinne, a master printer, whose skill in typography has made his name and work famous.

Among the wood engravers of this period none has gained a greater recognition than Timothy Cole, whose splendid work has received world wide praise, and specimens of whose skill are now eagerly sought for preservation in art museums. Mr. Cole is today almost the only survivor of the school, and is undoubtedly the greatest of living wood engravers and his latest work is among his best.

Aside from the periodicals with which Mr. Cole was connected, there may now be found collections of his prints in many libraries and museums throughout the country. The Division of Prints of the Library of Congress, at the National Capital, has

MAPS AND THEIR MAKERS

FOR several years there has been a growing interest in old maps, and this has led Charles E. Goodspeed & Co., of Boston, to publish a brochure entitled "Old Maps and Their Makers" by Louis A. Holman, head of the print department of that firm. Dealers and collectors interested in old maps will find it well worth while to add this pamphlet to their working bibliography. Here is a paragraph from Mr. Holman's dissertation:

"History is so intertwined with the geography of the world which grew out of Columbus's discovery that it would seem as if the only way to teach it intelligently would be by cartography, as Winsor has so well done in his 'Narrative and Critical History of America.' The die, however, seems to be cast in the direction of the modern map which literally takes the joy out of life. Though our children must bow to the requirements of present day education for tame, commonplace exactness, we adults, at least, are not so handicapped. With Ptolemy, Ortelius, Hondius, Speed, Mercator, and Bleu, we can have beauty and romance. We can sail with the galleons along the track recorded by Moll; we can suspect that his specifications may have served to furnish precious information to the pirates who would lie in wait for the treasure ships, and we can shiver in anticipation of the outcome of the battle. We can dream of St. Brendan's Isle and the fabled Atlantis, of the gold of the Sargasso sea and the umbilicus of the world off the coast of Norway. There is something left to live for."

ENGLISH LITERARY AUTOGRAPHS

THE announcement comes from the Oxford University Press of a new publication, "English Literary Autographs," that will be very useful to collectors of autographs of the period which it covers. The work will be issued in three parts, payments to be made in three yearly installments. Part I has now been issued and it fully meets expectations. The publication is a folio, enclosed in a stout portfolio large enough to take three parts. From the period 1550-1650 covered by this work various autographs of nominally 100 writers are being illustrated in collotype and dealt with in text, thirty of the folio plates being devoted to the handwriting of dramatists, thirty to those of poets, and thirty to prose writers, ten being reserved for any new material which comes to light during the three years of issue. Concise and effective biographies of each writer precede the notes on the autograph material chosen for reproduction. The part that has just appeared is devoted to the dramatists of the period.

NOTE AND COMMENT

STANLEY MORISON, the well known English writer on printing and book designing, will reach this country this month on invitation of Doubleday, Page & Co., with whom he will confer in regard to certain new publication projects.

❧ ❧

Paxton Hibben, whose address is 422 West Twenty-second Street, New York, writes that he would be glad to learn the names and addresses of persons possessing letters or other documents belonging to Theodore Tilton, sometime editor of *The Independent* and author of "Thou and I," "Swabian Stories," etc.

❧ ❧

The sixty-ninth birthday of Woodrow Wilson was celebrated on December 28, in cities in all parts of the country and the press gave wide attention to it. Booksellers report a steady increase in the demand for the books of Woodrow Wilson, both first editions and books for general historical study. Autograph letters of Wilson are steadily advancing in price.

❧ ❧

The current catalogue of Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, lists a complete set of Kate Greenaway's "Almanacks," 14 vols. 1883 to 1897, all presentation copies and all inscribed by the artist and all containing the bookplate of Lady Victoria Herbert, which was specially designed for her by Kate Greenaway. This unique set is valued at $700.

❧ ❧

With the New Year came the announcement of a new press, the Mayflower Press, organized to issue fine editions of worthwhile books. This new group of publishers includes Stuart Rose, Douglas McMurtrie and Ernest Boyd. The first volumes will include a type facsimile of Hamilton's "Federalist Papers," a two volume set of Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography," and "The Tales of Hoffman."

❧ ❧

The announcement comes from London of the discovery of a copy of Caxton's "De Consolacione Philosophie," circa 1478. The successive ownerships have been traced back for three hundred years. The book was found in the cellar of a house near Colchester. Seventeen copies of this Caxton imprint are reported in Seymour de Ricci's "Census of Caxtons," this new copy making the eighteenth known copy.

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page 516*)

THINGS SEEN IN EDINBURGH. By *E. Gierson.* Dutton. $1.50.

ALONG THE ROAD. By *Aldous Huxley.* Doran. $2 net.

THINGS SEEN IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By *A. Goodrich-Freer.* Dutton. $1.50.

OUR POLAR FLIGHT. By *Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth.* Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE WEST INDIES. By *George Manington.* Scribners. $4.

A CHINESE MIRROR. By *Florence Ayscough.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

FALMOUTH ON CAPE COD. By the Walton Staff. Boston: Perry Walton. $7.50.

OUR GREATEST MOUNTAIN. By *F. W. Schmoe.* Putnam. $3.

War

TRUE TALES OF THE D. C. I. By KARL W. DETZER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $2.

These seventeen true tales of the exploits of the Division of Criminal Investigation (a branch of the A. E. F. which undertook to round up the thousands of international criminals swarming over Europe after the armistice), will doubtless appeal to the ex-doughboys by awakening old memories of the great overseas adventure, but they can scarcely be called good fiction. In fact truth rarely makes a good story without the aid of literary craftsmanship. The appeal of a detective story, obviously, is its mystery, and Capt. Detzer often commits the inexplicable blunder of giving away the secret in the first paragraph.

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THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

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Mr. Dooley

once remarked that in his youth he wrote a book about women, but that when in maturer years he came to publish it he added at the end what the scientists call Errata, in which he requested his readers whenever they found "is" to substitute "is not" and wherever they found "is not" to substitute "maybe," "perhaps," or "God knows."

* * * *

Now Booth Tarkington has written a novel about women, but the only comments that can be added to it are those made by a few ladies, who speak as follows:

* * * *

Edna Ferber, author of SO BIG: "It gave me the shivers, it was so uncannily wise. No man has any right to know that much about women."

* * * *

Katharine Bement Davis, General Secretary of the Bureau of Social Hygiene: "I wish very much some woman would write a book called 'Men,' and present some of these same (cattish) aspects."

* * * *

Dr. Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, says: "He has caught the young girl, at the 'peach-bloom age,' to a marvel—The book is delightful throughout."

* * * *

Baird Leonard, the Mrs. Pep of "Life," was so curious about it that she actually bought a copy (and she a reviewer!) And considering the money well spent, she wrote an enthusiastic review.

* * * *

Eleanore Van Sweringen, the famous artist, says: "Mr. Tarkington knows the type of woman—and especially the type of young girl—he describes astoundingly well——when one thinks of his portrayal of the young girl in the throes of—what is the feminine of calf-love? —it is delicious."

* * * *

Men and women all over the country are chuckling at

WOMEN

by Booth Tarkington

$2.00 at bookstores

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

The Phoenix Nest

THE book to look for now seems to us to be *Carl Sandburg's* "Abraham Lincoln." It will be published on February fourth. * * * Yes, we know it has been serialized, but that isn't the way to read it. * * * There is something Lincolnian about Sandburg himself. He was born and has lived where Lincoln was born and lived. He does not approach our greatest President academically. * * * The poets, the American poets have best understood Lincoln. * * * The best concise spiritualized portrait of the man is in *Edwin Arlington Robinson's* famous poem. * * * *John Gould Fletcher* wrote a remarkable Lincoln poem. So did *James Oppenheim. Walt Whitman*, of course, understood Lincoln. And there is something more truly Whitmanic in Carl Sandburg than in any of the disciples of Whitman. * * * For Sandburg is not a disciple. He is Sandburg. He is not an imitator, he is a creator. * * * Anyone with the fire of "John Guts," as Sandburg used to be called, with the imagination, the deep probing sympathy, the savage irony, the closeness to the soil, must necessarily write a great biography of Father Abraham. * * * So take it from us that this is a great American work of which no true American should be ignorant. Harcourt, Brace, of course, is publishing it. * * * And then, a month later, along will come "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House," arranged as a narrative by *Charles Seymour* of Yale. This is another distinctly notable book. It has been spoken of as the most important historical work of this generation. * * * In Colonel House's journals, in his correspondence, lies the complete and intimate record of the days before, during and after the Great War—as they affected the United States. The international affairs of that period are illumined as by a searchlight. * * * This book will be published on March the fifth by the Houghton Mifflin Company. It is another volume that every American should read. * * * Whatever else you *don't* read before Spring, read these two. * * * We see that *Cleone Knox's* "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion," of which we spoke on January ninth, referring to the rumpus it had kicked up in England, is now to be published by Appleton over here, almost immediately. * * * Whether it is a complete hoax or not, it will undoubtedly be found diverting. * * * *The London Times* went into such ecstasies about it, in fact, as to exclaim, "Her diary must take its place beside that of Mr. Pepys." * * * Permit us to doubt that it must—but for some months it is likely to be a sensational curiosity of literature. * * * Speaking of Appleton's, we came across this amusing paragraph in the anciently embrowned columns of the old New York *Evening Telegram* for December 23, 1870. * * * What were we doing reading the old *Evening Telegram?* Well, it contained a long Christmas poem by a forebear of ours, illustrated with harrowing wood engravings. * * * But to the item:

The *Times*, in its militant condition, sometimes strikes out at the most inoffensive people. Appletons, the great publishers, may be supposed to know best how to conduct their own business. The editors of the *Times* think not, and therefore one of their "minor topics" is taken up in trying to show them a better way in the conducting of *Appleton's Journal*. Of course the evil genius of Tammany is the cause of this degeneracy in the popular weekly. A defence of the democratic organization appears in the *Journal* and this is the "bar sinister" in the Appleton armorials.

* * * As the young ladies used to say, "Don't you love that?" Ah, the old issues of yesteryear, political issues and issues of newspapers! * * * Ah, journalism, journalism, wherefore art thou journalism! * * * We mean to read the novels of *Helen R. Hull* some day, but we are not helped much to understand her novels when informed by her publisher that, "a beautiful craftsman, she gives her beautifully drawn characters a three dimensional world to live in, full of weather and sunshine and alive with color and sound." * * * "Full of weather" indeed! * * * Ah, publicity, publicity, wherefore art thou publicity! * * * And is it so remarkable to give one's characters a three dimensional world to live in. Novels engaging the fourth dimension are sufficiently rare. * * * "Like May Sinclair," says the blurbist, "Miss Hull achieves a style that is staccato without degenerating into syncopation." * * * And, to be cruel, just what does *that* mean? If a novelist degenerated into syncopation, would he write like this?

Beautiful day, beautiful day, I said it was a beautiful day on which Muriel Grey met the old man from down Alabama way. She did. She was walking, and talking, and he came stalking—asked her how she liked the weather and she said it's perfectly, I mean corking, I mean she said it's perfectly corking. Then a dorking hen across the road began to scratch the gravel. The old man said let's travel. Muriel, don't cavil! We'll have a little walk and have a little talk, for I feel so full of weather when you and I are together, and the way your hair is curled reminds me, I mean it certainly this evening is wonderfully pretty in this three dimen-shun-aaaaaaaaal wurrrrrrrrrld!

* * * Perhaps! * * * Old *Bill Morrow*, for so long the snappy quarterback of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, has branched out and has just started his own publishing business as William Morrow and Company, Inc., at 303 Fifth Avenue. * * * Bill has a quarter century's experience in editing and publishing to his credit and the new firm should do well. It certainly has our good wishes. * * * The last time we saw *Sinclair Lewis* was at a farewell party, prior to his starting for Kansas City, Santa Fé, and other points west and south. *John Corbin, Walter Lippmann, Elinor Wylie, Harrison Smith, Michael Strange, T. R. Smith*, and others were there to bid him adieu. * * * But *John Dos Passos* has recently travelled even farther, and is now in North Africa, where he expects to pass several months. * * * As Dos went abroad just before "Manhattan Transfer" appeared he doesn't yet know that by the middle of this month it had achieved its fourth large printing. * * * Watch for *Wilbur Daniel Steele's* "Urkey Island," which Harcourt is bringing out late in February. Steele is an excellent writer of fiction. We read a recent short story of his, "Beauty," which impressed us, as we are impressed by his work ever and anon. * * * *Katherine Mansfield's* first book, "In a German Pension," has now just been reprinted by Knopf. *Middleton Murry* tells us in his introduction that this book ran quickly into three editions on its original publication. Then the publisher defaulted and the stereotyped plates disappeared. * * * When the war came on and everybody hated the Germans several publishers made Miss Mansfield attractive offers to republish. She refused them—though it might have meant a popular success for the book. * * * She would not take advantage of the odium attached to Germany at that time. * * * Also she grew to feel that "In a German Pension" was immature and "not good enough." * * * For fourteen years the book has remained out of print. * * * Probably Miss Mansfield was right about it. She was usually much righter about her work than is Mr. Murry. * * *Stanley Burnshaw* has started "The Poetry Folio," a four-page monthly poetry journal, devoted to the publication of poetry and prose on poetry, poetics, and general æsthetics in relation to poetry. * * * Mr. Burnshaw's prospectus, which we have not room to expatiate upon, appeals to us. "The Poetry Folio" will be published at 5704 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh, Pa. * * * *Henry Longan Stuart* has translated *Emile Henriot's* "Aricie Brun," which is published by the Viking Press. * * * *Harry Kemp* set up the Poets' Theatre in the basement of the Leonardo Da Vinci Art School early in January and ran off four one act plays, "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," by Harry Kemp, "Dreiser Interviews Pantano," arranged by *Jerome Rosenberg* from Dreiser's published interview in the *World*, "The Man Who Married the Thunder's Daughter," by *Hartley Alexander*, and "The Bawd," by *Herondas*, set by *Nilla Cram Cook*. * * * The last-named is a Mime translated from the original Greek by Harry himself. Two thousand years ago these little one-act plays were written by *Sophron, Herondas*, and others only they were called mimes. *Sophron's* mimes, we are told, were the delight of Plato, but none of them survives. * * * Holt has brought out the Complete Poems of *Charles Baudelaire*, translated by Lewis *Piaget Shanks*. * * * How stale and pretentious some seem today, thus translated! * * * Well, we must catch the post with this copy!

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